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THE PERSONAL VOICE. THE RHETORIC OF LITERATURE. RHETORIC CURRICULUM VI, TEACHER AND STUDENT VERSIONS.

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REPORT NUMBER CRP-H-149-81
REPORT NUMBER BR-5-0366-81
CONTRACT OEC-5-10-319
EDRS PRICE MF-$0.50 HC-$4.88 120P.

DESCRIPTORS- *COMPOSITION (LITERARY), *CURRICULUM GUIDES, *ENGLISH CURRICULUM, *ENGLISH INSTRUCTION, *RHETORIC, CURRICULUM RESEARCH, GRADE 12, INSTRUCTIONAL MATERIALS, LANGUAGE STYLES, LITERATURE, SECONDARY EDUCATION, STUDENT EXPERIENCE, STUDY GUIDES, TEACHING GUIDES, WRITING, PROJECT ENGLISH, OREGON CURRICULUM STUDY CENTER, EUGENE,

THE SUBJECT OF STYLE IS TREATED GENERALLY AND SPECIFICALLY IN THESE TWO RHETORIC UNITS FOR 12TH-GRADERS. THE FIRST UNIT, "THE PERSONAL VOICE," FOCUSES ON THE MANY CHOICES A WRITER MUST MAKE IN WRITING MEANINGFULLY ABOUT HIS OWN EXPERIENCE AND COMPLEMENTS ANOTHER 12TH-GRADE UNIT, "ELEMENTS OF STYLE." EXAMPLES OF WRITING USING THE PERSONAL VOICE ARE ANALYZED TO ILLUSTRATE MEANS OF FINDING AN APPROPRIATE STYLE AND VOICE. WRITING ASSIGNMENTS ENCOURAGE STUDENTS TO EXAMINE THEIR OWN PERSONAL EXPERIENCES BY KEEPING INFORMAL JOURNALS AND USING THEM IN THE PREPARATION OF ESSAYS. THE SECOND UNIT, "THE RHETORIC OF LITERATURE," EXAMINES THE RHETORICAL STRATEGIES USED BY AUTHORS IN PRESENTING CONVINCING IMAGINED WORLDS. AMONG LITERARY EXAMPLES ANALYZED ARE HAWTHORNE'S "RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER," BRYANT'S "THANATOPSIS," DICKINSON'S "AFTER GREAT PAIN A FORMAL FEELING COMES," "THE PARABLE OF THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT" FROM THE BIBLE, AND BRET HARTE'S "THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT." THE STUDENT VERSION CONTAINS STUDY AND DISCUSSION QUESTIONS, TEXTS OF THE ABOVE WORKS, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING ASSIGNMENTS. THE TEACHER VERSION INCLUDES BACKGROUND INFORMATION, SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHING PROCEDURES, AND SUPPLEMENTARY ASSIGNMENTS. SEE ALSO ED 010 129 THROUGH ED 010 160, ED 010 803 THROUGH ED 010 832, TE 000 195 THROUGH TE 000 220, AND TE 000 227 THROUGH TE 000 249. (DL)

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Teacher Version

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The project reported herein was supported through the Cooperative Research Program of the Office of Education, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

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TEACHER VERSION

Rhetoric Curriculum VI
Unit III

THE PERSONAL VOICE

The emphasis in this unit will be on variety: the variety of materials from which writers refine their finished works; the variety of ways there are for looking at, and writing about, any one event or idea; the variety of choices open to the student when he searches his own experience for meaningful material and for ways to express himself.

These lessons are intended to be complementary to the second unit in the 12th grade rhetoric curriculum, "The Elements of Style." The student will be asked to remember that style in writing can be discussed in specific terms of punctuation, sentence length, imagery, word choice, and so on, but he will also be reminded that unless he brings his imagination and intellect to bear upon each individual detail, he will not write well. Five short sentences alternating with five long sentences in two different pieces of writing will not necessarily bring the reader to the same point in any sense except an approximate place on the page. Similarly, only individual judgment can determine when to use certain language in a specific case. It is easy enough to decide that Suidae Sus is the wrong terminology to use in writing for a popular audience, but whether one says "pig" or "swine" requires a more subjective decision; either might take on a derogatory connotation or a simple, factual one, depending on circumstances of the moment.

It would be hard, perhaps impossible, to teach style without reference to a number of specific, accountable measuring devices. But in teaching style you are also teaching something which is far more difficult to impart, imagination. In Unit II we encountered the statement--really an overstatement--that "most people can recognize [style], but no one can explain it." Now that the students should have some idea of how to explain style, in terms of some of its elements, perhaps it would be well for you to act the part of devil's advocate, pointing out that there are some things about style which we can recognize in individual cases, but which do not readily submit themselves to prediction or formula.

How does it happen that recognition precedes skill in analytical explanation? Of course the answer is that recognition occurs only when one brings experience to the situation. Someone who has little experience with any sort of speech except that spoken in day-to-day conversation can discern but vaguely the way in which the style of an editorial or a political speech differs from his own conversations, and can see, perhaps, no difference at all between the two.

These lessons should augment information with experience. That experience occurs in two ways: the presentation of a variety of examples, with emphasis on the personal voice in each; and the student's examination of his own, personal experience, by means of some sort of journal.

This journal is not dealt with in the unit until Lesson IV, "The Personal Record." But you will need to introduce the idea of the journal at a time which will work into your own class schedule, to allow the students some time to keep their record, before they actually draw on it for their own essays. You may want to begin the unit with the introduction to Lesson IV, start the students on their own journals, and then return to the lesson again, later, in sequence; or you may simply ask the students to keep a non-intimate record of random thoughts, clippings, anecdotes, and so on, deciding for yourself how much help you want to give them with suggestions. The important thing is to give them some time to work on it, so that the exercise will have the validity of a real effort to keep some sort of record continuing over a period of time.

Most of the lessons and exercises are self-explanatory. If you do not have time to discuss all the examples thoroughly, it would still be a good idea for the students to look at each of them briefly, to see what ideas they can get for their own writing. It is important for the student to do as much writing as he can handle at this point, even though it will not all be graded, for only in practice will he get a real sense of the variety of style and material open to him. That writing will take the form of rough notes he makes in his journal, of off-the-cuff attempts in class to rewrite a single sentence or to write one in a particular style, of work notes for hypothetical essays proposed in the lessons, and of several short but complete essays of his own. Revision plays an important part in the unit, because the student should get a real feeling of taking more or less shapeless or rough material and gaining control over it, of working with a distinct purpose.

LESSON I: Personal Style

The examples in Lesson I can serve as review for "The Elements of Style," and pose questions regarding the personal voice of style as well. How does the speaker feel about what he says, and how do we know? What gives variety to similar statements by different writers? These examples introduce problems posed in more complete but less easily defined, later examples.

The first three examples all say more or less the same thing, that marriage is a joining together.

1. The play on "lock" lets us know that the writer is being clever. We probably consider him only half serious. Whether we think him funny or not probably depends on whether or not we think marriage can be joked about. Perhaps the writer's wife would not think him funny, while his men friends might think him a very witty fellow. The brevity of the sentence adds to its "punch."

2. This sentence was made by substituting for "wedlock" and "padlock" the definitions given by a dictionary for the two words. We might say that the style of a dictionary doesn't lend itself to humor. Beyond this, the literal rather than figurative nature of the sentence, the absence of word play, its carefully exact and qualified language, its pointless length and lack of humor, render it nonsensical at best, although the elements of its style may be analyzed as rationally as those in the first sentence.

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3. This sounds like the introduction to a fairly unimaginative sermon or lecture. The parallel construction gives weight to the statement by making it sound as if the writer has analyzed his subject and divided it into its logical parts. But we probably expect the statement to be followed by something more concrete, examples, explanations. "Bound" is the only word in the sentence which has a slightly figurative connotation, and perhaps it is not a desirable one.

The next five examples are characterized by brevity, completeness, and the use of highly connotative, concrete, or figurative language. Though such maxims are often used as epigrams, or to introduce or conclude, they are essentially self-contained, which is why they lend themselves to being quoted.

1. Has been discussed above. It is most like the second example in that both have a humorous element, making a connection between two disparate things which is verbal rather than actual.

2. Elements to be noted here are the parallel forms of "Hanging" and "wiving," and the intentional use of the pretentious, somewhat incongruous word "destiny," to suggest something great and mysterious, as when someone says, facetiously, "It is too great for us to understand."

3. That "society begins" appears at the end of the statement rather than the beginning parallels the sense of the words. "Fitting mate" has suggestions which are both biological and social, as if the writer adopts an objective, scientific view.

4. One audience might consider this an inspiring thought, while another would call it purely sentimental, and the difference would depend only slightly on one's religious viewpoint. The word "marriages" is fairly concrete, but it would be hard to pin down the meaning of "made in," and "Heaven" might suggest predestination, and ideal state of goodness, or a place where human affairs are arranged, again depending on the audience. (This is a good one to compare to 2.)

5. This quotation from the Old Testament is marked by an archaic quality, derived from the use of "cleave unto," perhaps by the word "Therefore," and the inversion of "man" and "shall." The balance of the sentence adds weight to its thought through emphasis, just as the repetition of "his" before both "father" and "mother" does.

LESSON II: Every Personal Style is Open to Criticism

The important thing to see, at first, is how much these two selections are really alike. The difference between a good and a poor parody is often that the poor one lays it on too thick. The poor parody ends by becoming its own dunce. Almost anyone can imitate with exaggeration, but one person is just a small boy mimicking behind his teacher's back, and another is Charlie Chaplin.

Students ought to see, in both the Kerouac and the Updike selection, how a dreamy, rather sentimental narrator is contrasted with the figure he admires very much (Dean Moriarty or Gogi Himmelman), a figure who represents action, intellectual seeking, excitement, etc. and who is thus attractive to the narrator. Gogi Himmelman is overdrawn just enough to make him appear ridiculous, as is the Updike narrator, dreamily "thinking around in [his] sad back yard." Updike, of course, underlines the absurdity of both figures by making them children.

Updike evidently finds the style of Kerouac's sweet-sad narrator pretentious, and so he sets out to pierce this pretentiousness by exaggerating his style. It is difficult to reproduce enough of the Kerouac selection here to show all of the qualities which Updike satirizes, so you may want to ask a student to bring in some more examples from Kerouac's book, examples like the run-together words which Updike parodies, ("greenasgrass," "Unitedstateshome").

The diction of the Kerouac selection will bear discussion. For example, words like "taking off" and "guy" illustrate the informal, conversational nature of the style. The reference to "Carlo" (no last name given) substantiates the feeling that this is being told to a friend ("You know Carlo."). The passing reference to "Nietzsche" shows us that this sweet-sad narrator is also something of an intellectual, or at least a would-be intellectual, like Dean. (Notice how Updike satirizes this pop-intellectualism.) "Jailkid" is a new coinage, indicating a certain creativity with language on the narrator's part. "Shrouded in mystery" is a cliché, and typical of the pseudo-worship of the narrator for Dean.

LESSON III: An Appropriate Personal Style

This lesson deals further with the question of appropriateness, and ends with a discussion of Speaker, Subject, Audience, and Purpose as determinants of style.

Twelve examples have been chosen, representing different styles. They are arranged in four groups, according to subject matter, so that the student can see how the alteration of either speaker, audience, or purpose necessarily leads to the altering of style, although the subject remains more or less the same.

The Exercise at the end of the lesson suggests that students choose at least two of the given topics for analysis. Actually, if there is time, it would be a good idea for them to try more than two. The analysis could be quite simple in form, as in the following example:

SUBJECT: Students should (not) attend school twelve months a year.

SPEAKER: Student who works during the summer.

AUDIENCE: Classmates.

PURPOSE:	To urge them to protest to their parents. Get them to ask their parents to complain.
ANALYSIS:	Use simple, direct language. Appeal to their own experience. Use a concrete example of something summer classes will deprive them of--extra money. Link yourself with your audience somehow--"we're all in this together." Use questions to start them thinking.
OPENING:	Remember that money you earned last summer, picking berries maybe, or pumping gas at Ernie's station? Remember the new school clothes you paid for in the fall, with your own money? How about that new grill for your car? That's just not the kind of thing you can ask your folks to pay for. Maybe it was the nice little sum put away for college, or the tie you bought your dad for his birthday. And speaking of dad, what's he going to say next summer when, instead of waving goodbye as you ride off early in the morning to the berry fields, you tell him you've got to have money for a new pair of school shoes? I know what my dad would say.

Then the student could work out the problem again, with one of the determinants changed, audience for example. How would he alter the style if he were addressing the school board or P.T.A., or if he changed the subject so that he wanted to urge the same audience to favor twelve-month schooling? At this point it is more important that the student work out a variety of possibilities, than that he do a complete essay.

EXAMPLES:

1. This passage, from Dr. Spock's Baby And Child Care, demonstrates the style used by a scientist writing for a popular audience. He uses the example of stepping over cracks, one which anyone should understand. He addresses "you" to give his advice a personal note. The style is informal and friendly, as when he says, "There's no sense to it." He does not assume that his audience will understand the word "compulsion," but explains it in such a way that he identifies with the reader, rather than with a learned person such as a "psychiatrist." The style is intended to be intimate and reassuring--"you just have a superstitious feeling that you ought to." In other words, he says, everyone feels this way sometime, so don't be alarmed about it.

2. This, of course, is the familiar children's chant expressing the compulsion referred to by Dr. Spock. Its rhyme appeals to the ear and that seems to be its only justification. There is no need for this to be a complete or logical statement, any more than there is a need, for the child, to explain why he skips over cracks. And yet the jingle makes something concrete, however nonsensical, out of a vague compulsive feeling, by naming a possible evil result of stepping on a crack. It becomes a kind of dare as well as a simply, easily remembered chant.

3. The writer here is a scholar writing for a scholarly audience. The passage is from Sir James G. Frazer's The Golden Bough. The example he uses is effectively simply, but such language as "entails," "negative precepts," "taboos," and "positive precepts" let us know that he is writing for an educated rather than a popular audience. On the other hand, the example, the fairly simply explanation of how a "taboo" differs from other "forbidden action," and the use of non-technical language indicate that the writing is intended for a wide audience, rather than for specialists in some field such as anthropology... Frazer uses carefully balanced statements to make his point: "It is not . . ." and "it is. . ."; "those negative precepts. . ." and "those positive precepts." The purpose of the passage is to accurately define a term necessary to understanding Frazer's discussion. He wishes the reader to be in no doubt about what he does mean and does not mean by "taboo."

4. Here, the psychiatrist Freud is addressing a learned audience. He expects them to understand certain terms, such as "obsessional," "neurosis," "anxiety-hysteria," and "pathological," which Dr. Spock would either not use, or would explain in simple language. Of examples 1, 3, and 4, this one assumes the greatest knowledge on the part of the audience. This is an attempt at logical analysis. Freud lists the three things which characterize "obsessional patients." And yet he gives force and concreteness to his analysis with a simple example: "Most of them wash too much." His statements are complex rather than simple, scientific rather than literary or popular. "Fatiguing monotony" may be the most subjective word choice he makes, compared to Frazer's use of such terms as "common sense" and "vain and futile."

5. In a personal interview, printed in Writers at Work, the French writer Georges Simenon discusses himself and his work habits. The pronoun "I" appears repeatedly, as it does not in the other examples. The style is conversational. Ideas follow one another as they occur to the speaker. Punctuation is added only for clarity, and reflects the oral nature of the interview. In one sense, this selection has less "style" than the other four, because it seems less purposefully shaped. It is conversation rather than essay.

6. This dictionary definition of a lungfish is characterized by brevity, and by the use of simple, objective language. Nothing is said except what is necessary for a general definition. A scientific dictionary would need to give more detail, but for a popular reference work this is sufficient.

7. In Kamongo or, The Lungfish and the Padre, an ichthyologist, Homer W. Smith, writes a philosophical and poetic piece of fiction with his own scientific specialty as a central topic. His "definition" of a lungfish identifies that creature as an air-breathing fish, but obviously he wants to tell us something about the lungfish that a simple definition can't. The selection is one long sentence, composed of a series of parallels describing what the lungfish was, and what it was able to do, because of its "newly invented lungs." It was an exalted creature. It was an experiment in evolution. It escaped death. It was and did all

these awesome things. Why? Because it developed lungs. Smith's real subject is evolution, with the lungfish as a sustained example. He speaks with scientific authority, and gives us concrete, convincing examples of the importance of the lungfish's adaptation to air-breathing, but his language is subjective and connotative rather than objective and simply factual. "Cream of life, lords of creation; pioneers. . ."; such description suggests an emotion or attitude rather than a fact. He wants his reader to feel the grandeur of evolutionary designs. Of course such language would not only be unnecessary to a simple, dictionary definition; it would get in the way of the sense, describing, as it does, an attitude which may be purely personal.

8. This example, from a newspaper letter-to-the-editor, protesting a proposal to build a new municipal swimming pool, is comparable to example 7, while the following, 9, with its use of exact, objective language is comparable to example 6. "Once again. . ." suggests that the taxpayers must be on guard continuously against this sort of thing, which occurs time and time again. "Subjected" suggests that someone other than the taxpayer himself is devising these programs to spend his money, and imposing them upon him. The quote marks make a weak effort at sarcasm, as if the writer has heard this phrase too often to believe it. The sentence is long, somewhat rambling, suggesting an irate, emotional writer who wants to get as much in as possible.

9. This is the wording of the proposal on the ballot. It asks a question simply because it is asking for a yes or no from the voter. Again, the sentence is long, but here the purpose is to get all the simple facts of the proposal in. The statement must be objective, exact, and brief as possible while still providing all necessary information. Some of the language, however, may seem unnecessary and cumbersome, such as "the sum of", instead of the figure alone, "for the purpose of" instead of "to defray," "construction and equipping" instead of just "building," and "in connection therewith." Some of this is necessary for exactness, and some such "legalese" is based on precedent; that is, the wording has been employed before and not questioned, therefore it is assumed that it is safe, legally, to use it again. Example 8 presents little that is factual, but attempts to sway by negative words expressing emotion rather than logic. If some of the concreteness of the ballot proposal had been used in the letter, in addition, the letter would have been more convincing.

10. A possible paraphrase of this example might be, "Since no one believes in the ancient Greek myths nowadays, we shouldn't study them seriously as religion but only for their literary merit." "So-called" has overtones of ridicule or condescension. Although the writer's audience might agree that no one believes Greek myths to be true, some might feel that a study of mythology has its place in a historical study of religion. But Thomas Bulfinch, in his late 19th century Mythology, wished to establish a firm basis for his treatment of myth as literature, and literature alone. "Extinct" is a strong word. It sums up all the suggestions of a thing being utterly dead, past beyond recall, of something which has died out, come to the end of its line. "Not a single worshipper" is similarly emphatic. These two negative statements lead up to a third, "not to

the department of theology," which in turn leads to its parallel, "but to those of. . ." The inference is that the study of Greek mythology as theology is also "extinct" and has "not a single" proponent. The only logical alternative seems to be to treat myths as literature.

11. Edith Hamilton, in the introduction to her Mythology, also wishes to establish a tone. Both she and Bulfinch want to place the reader in a certain relationship to the myths that are to follow. Like Bulfinch, she says that we no longer take such myths seriously, although those people, a long time ago, weren't so sophisticated. They didn't know the difference between the "real and the unreal." Writing for a popular but literate audience, the writer perhaps wishes to appease those who might consider the myths frivolous reading material, before she goes on to convince those same readers that mythology is worth reading, because it comes from "imagination" which "was vividly alive." The final visual image serves to set the scene and draw the reader into the experience, a sort of "pretend you are there" approach.

12. A paraphrase of this statement by Emerson might be, we see only what we expect to see; our beliefs arise from within us; our potential experience is limited by what we are; or some such version, depending on the interpretation given to Emerson's words. In a sense, he is saying some of what Bulfinch and Miss Hamilton say in different ways. Bulfinch says, we can't see deities here because we don't believe in this religion. Miss Hamilton says, without a vivid imagination one cannot see imaginary creatures. Brief but self-contained, apparently simply and yet capable of various interpretations, operating at both concrete and figurative levels, this statement has the style of those aphorisms which introduced the unit; it is both clear and obscure, and sounds like a wise statement, although we may not be able to pin it to any one meaning. The sentence is composed of two balanced parts, which reflect its sense; the external is balanced against the internal.

Although the preceding remarks correspond roughly to some of the questions asked in the Student Version, they are neither final nor complete. They should show possible directions discussion might take. When appropriate, it would be a good idea to point out similarities and differences in examples not compared here. Finally, of course, the answers should come from the students, who may draw on all the elements of style they have studied, and any others they can point to and defend. It is also desirable that discussion go beyond mere identification of characteristics, in linking them rationally whenever possible to speaker, subject, audience, and purpose of the selection.

LESSON IV: The Personal Record

Suggestions given in the Student Version for keeping a journal are self-explanatory. You may want to give more specific suggestions for entries. If there is something going on at school, or in town, for example, which would make good material for student essays, suggest that the students jot down comments that they hear, excerpts from news stories, and so on. Or, at the beginning of a two week period, each student might write out his opinion on something. During the following days he would "investigate" his opinion, ask other people what they think, look for evidence, look for examples. Otherwise, the journal could be simply a notebook of things the writer finds interesting.

There should be some plan for checking student journals. Asking students to hand them in at the end of the specified period is only partially satisfactory. You should also arrange some means of sharing the journals. Perhaps they could be turned in and handed back several times. At these times you could mimeograph sample entries, to be discussed in class for the purpose showing possible ways the entries might be turned into more complete writings. Although it would be time-consuming, it might be worth the while to spend a few minutes with each student glancing through his notebook and discussing it with him. Let the students know that although their notebooks represent rough rather than finished work, one mark of a good journal is that it makes entertaining or interesting reading itself.

EXAMPLES:

1. As with the other examples in this lesson, some background is given to encourage students to see the very real individual we hear in the words. Anne's diary should be particularly interesting to young people although it is certainly not limited in its appeal to any age group. This entry deals with some events and circumstances in the Secret Annexe--their food shortage and the domestic measures they must take; but Anne makes her entry much more than that. It is significant that Anne begins with the idea of entertainment; although this is a diary, the entries are often well-shaped anecdotes. The entry begins with Anne placing herself in the picture. The charwoman is downstairs; the girl, at her diary, covers her nose with a scented handkerchief. The writer shows a good sense of order, in hinting at what is to follow, but setting the scene, giving the background, before she develops the central anecdote and the character sketches which give point to the whole thing. The specific details of place, names, housekeeping, the letter form of the entry, the personal asides and exclamations, the hypothetical speeches by which the grown-ups are characterized, and the order of presentation are the most important things for discussion.

2. More briefly, Thoreau puts himself in the picture in these journal entrie by means of such phrases as "Sail up river." The entries are characterized by brevity in handling detail. He generally chooses to write down only one observation of many he no doubt made during the day. He seems to choose to note observations which suggest ideas that might be worked out later more completely, or used in some appropriate place in a longer work. For example, most of these notes show Thoreau looking for some kind of order in nature. He observes and he questions. The hornet suggests a carpenter at work. Cocoons clinging to dead leaves suggest an intelligent natural harmony. The mud cells built by wasps or bees remind him of a potter's work. No form

of life seems too small for his notice. Water bugs make far-reaching rings on the river; gnats dancing in the rain signify the persistent survival of life. Perhaps the most important thing for students to notice. is how much Thoreau manages to suggest in so few words. Students may have some trouble at first in seeing how they can keep a journal and yet be highly selective about what goes into it, or, on the other hand, how to find something to put into it on any ordinary sort of day. In either case, these notes by Thoreau make an excellent example.

Thoreau's notes observe, question, and suggest. The statement by Bertrand Russell, however, is more than a note. It is a developed statement. And yet one might feel that Thoreau, with his plentiful use of first-hand examples and observations, has more than adequately answered Russell's emphatic and yet (here) unsubstantiated generalization.

3. This excerpt from William Byrd's secret diary provides a wealth of detail that might be turned into an essay on life in colonial Virginia. But the entries are essentially miscellaneous and personal. Small details are given the same emphasis as more important ones. He is really writing an account of "what I did today" in the most general sense.

4. In this example, however, Byrd selects and orders the details of life in North Carolina, as he sees it. He begins with a generalization, follows with examples of the ease with which North Carolinian men make their living, and ends with a somewhat pompous bit of moralizing. It is easy enough to point out examples of the words Byrd chooses to convey his disapproval of this way of life--"slothfulness," "poor women," "lie and snore," "shivering into the chimney corner," and "sluggard," to mention just a few.

5. A peculiar question for students to consider here is how we can tell that Byrd, in the selection above, disapproves of the way these men live, while Durrell, describing "the most weird idiosyncrasies" of his monkeys, manages to convey not disapproval but rather a sense of curiosity and amusement. Byrd observes men almost as if they were monkeys, and Durrell describes his monkeys in terms of having "a passion," being able to "adore," and possessing "individual likes and dislikes," as if they were human.

   The Durrell selection is more finished than the Byrd excerpt in one sense because it is more selective, and develops one anecdote about the monkeys rather than describing their habits in general. In many ways, however, the two selections are much alike: in each appear the opening generalizations, the accumulation of sensory details, the central image--of yawning men smoking their pipes in one, and particular monkeys dealing with eggs and oranges in the other--and the concluding generalization or "moral."

6. It is probably safe to assume that all good writers of "factual" literature, if they purport to tell any story at all, fictionalize when necessary. This may simply take the form of leaving out facts which

aren't relevant. Or it may be the use of quoted conversation, to give a sense of realism and immediacy, when it is doubtful that the writer would be able to recall the exact conversation. At any rate, it's not a bad thing for the student writer to realize that a dogged recitation of the facts, even when he is writing from his own experience, is not necessarily admirable, although the distance and means by which he departs from those facts is determined by the purpose of the work.

These selections from Mandeville's Travels can, of course, be examined for their stylistic characteristics which distinguish them as belonging to a time other than our own, although the language has been modernized. The excerpt is included [here], however, for different reasons. For one thing, it broadens the variety of examples of what we call here the literature of the personal record. Then, too, even this brief excerpt may exercise upon the student some of that same sense of marvel in exotic or miscellaneous information with which it appealed to the writer's contemporaries. Although we don't, now, credit the writing with the authenticity of, say, a National Geographic, the piece is convincing enough that we can imagine the effect it might have had on the contemporary popular reader. How the writer, fabricating from secondary sources, manages to attain this sense of verisimilitude, is well worth the student's attention. His methods are not so different from those of Durrell, writing about his actual travels, or Byrd, recording the sights and experiences of his life in colonial America. First the writer provides us with convincing geographical detail. He augments information with sensory experience--the odor of a well, and the taste of its water. Like Durrell who says, "I have known. . .," this writer says, "I have drunk thereof. . ." In a vague way, the writer also cites authority when he says, "Some men call it the Well of Youth. . ." and "men say. . ." In "The Earth Is Round" he substantiates his argument with at least a facsimile of proof. And when he cites examples of men having gone round the world without knowing it, he not only tells us it is so, but says, "therefore hath it befallen many times," and says he knows this because he has heard it "recounted when I was young." We may wonder why none of these travelers asked the name of the country where men miraculously spoke their own tongue, but regardless of holes in the story, in the manner of telling it has air of conviction.

The inexperienced writer may say "I think. . ." or "I did. . ." because he doesn't know how else to put it. The writer with a little experience may be afraid of saying "I" at all, lest he lose control over his material, just as he is wary of saying "you" in case he chances to violate some rule of proper objectivity. But the skillfulwriter knows the power of "I" as well as "you," and uses them appropriately. These examples, 3, 4, 5, and 6, will illustrate some of the purposes to which first-hand, or the appearance of first-hand, information can be put, as well as showing different degrees in the conscious shaping of rough material. The suggested exercise is intended to get the student to put that illustration to use, all the more consciously because he will use secondary sources.

7. Not a diary, but an autobiography which adopts some of the character of a diary, this work by Chagall is obviously a public rather than a private record, but in either case, it is a personal record. Chagall makes unusual use of paragraphing, breaking his writing up into numerous short paragraphs, without distinct transitions, to produce an effect of reverie, memories called up from childhood, associative, fragmentary, and instant. This helps sustain the note of fantasy in the passage. Otherwise, he does this by strange juxtapositions: the cows' hides are like laundry; the smells of the hides represent happiness, which, in the dark, swarms like bees; the stretched hides seem to be reaching heavenward; heaven is the ceiling; the house is a universe and outside is space; what the cows pray for is forgiveness for those who kill them. Chagall seems to have a benign, respectful attitude toward the slaughtered cattle, and why not--he lived from their meat. "I forgave all, " he says, and we have a picture of the boy seeing himself as a kind of small, domestic god, hearing the prayers of sacrificial cattle, accepting "the stomach, the neck, or the ribs, the liver, the lungs. I didn't know." There is humor without condescension in the last line, where he says, "I was. . . stupid and," he adds, "happy." Even with its fantastic elements, the passage is a concrete, credible childhood reminiscence, which provides a surprising amount of information about Chagall's boyhood experiences.

8. In careful, somewhat elegant prose ("my oratorical capacities to the utmost"), Dali here relates something which is apparently absurd. This is not surrealistic writing in the sense of its relating dreamlike images associatively. But the "personal voice" of the writer is that of one who might (and does) paint surrealistic pictures, in which the objects are painted with lucid care, with great skill and technical control, and yet with strangeness and distortion. Sometimes, as with this passage, the effect is funny. Sometimes we simply have the impression of looking at normal objects from an unusual angle. Here Dali carefully explains that he is wearing his too-tight patent leather shoes as he writes (as Anne Frank says she is holding a handkerchief to her nose), and he is like the cliché diarist who says, "As I take pen in hand. . . ." We may suspect him of satirical intentions, but he goes on to explain that the wearing of these shoes is so painful that they make him speak well, again perhaps a satirical thrust at the idea of "suffering for art." But more recognizable than satirical intention is the surrealistic approach to experience--Dali portrays himself as two suffering feet in a pair of elegant, tight shoes. All of this may seem a bit difficult to grasp, or believe, to the twelfth grade writer, but it is important for him to see the way in which one individual gives his own recorded experience an interesting twist, unique to his personal "style." The contrast between elegance and absurdity, the realistic detail without realism, and the use of careful, somewhat pedagogical prose, to relate subjective associative contents, are what give even this short piece of Dali's writing its style.

9. Chagall wrote consciously for an audience. Dali's diary purports to be a private one, but we see his obvious "showmanship" and consider this, too, a public record as well as a personal one. Van Gogh's letter, however, is written for an audience of one, his brother Theo,

who gave Vincent Van Gogh years of support, both in money and encouragement, when neither seemed forthcoming from any other source. Vincent's letters to his brother express not only his love and appreciation, but are also a faithful record of his progress as a painter and a justification for his choice of his life's work.

An attempt to draw what Van Gogh describes might show students how visual this letter is, how suited to the vision of the painter. Overlapping waves, a hazy spray, like sand, in the foreground, water "the color of dirty soapsuds," and the details of one boat and a few indistinct, small figures--this is the picture. The term "expressionist" suggests a highly subjective, personal reaction or interpretation of experience, and besides the actual details of the scene, this subjective reaction is apparent in the letter as well. Van Gogh calls the scene "beautiful," "fierce," and "impressive." He says that he paints because "it is so delightful just for expressing one's feelings." And one who has studied the paintings of Van Gogh can see how well he describes his strange use of colors, his intense, rhythmic lines and patterns, when he speaks of "hidden harmonies or contrasts."

LESSON V: Making Adjustments in Style

There is no need to spend a great deal of time on this lesson. The selections make the point simply enough, that a writer can adjust his material to varying purposes by rearranging it, leaving out what is irrelevant, choosing the right language for the occasion, embellishing with examples or figurative language, and punctuating and constructing sentences for balance, emphasis, and readability. With the other examples in this unit, however, we have had to imagine what the writing might have been like in a less or more finished form. Here we have two examples of what has actually been done. The notebook version of Hawthorne's account includes a lot of purely incidental information, the trip, the arrival, the statement that he is keeping a notebook. The second version begins, instead, with the subject of the weddings themselves. In the second version he makes a more emphatic connection between the two occasions, omitting the division between the two accounts, adding the words "the same venerable cathedral," and concluding, not with the mere mention that "This is the same cathedral where, last May, I saw a dozen couples married in the lump," but with a moral question on the inequalities of the English social system made apparent by the two contrasting wedding parties. In the notebook version, of course, the two incidents are described several months apart; we could hardly expect an anticipation of the second to appear in the first account. In the second he accounts for the passing of time simply by the words "Not very long afterwards," which further strengthen the connection. Some things which appear in different order in the two versions are the smile of the woman at the door, which in the second suggests anticipation and appears nearer to the beginning; the information about the fees not having to be paid during the Easter holidays is likewise moved to the introductory, background remarks as is the description of the cathedral tower, "high, black, rough," In the notebook, Hawthorne says that he couldn't see anything of the well-to-do bride except her white dress, and didn't "know whether she was a beauty or a fright." This, no doubt, is true, but it does not suit his purpose so well in the second version where, to emphasize the contrast between rich and poor, he describes the bride as "a creature so nice and delicate that it was a luxury to see her, and a pity that her silk slippers should touch anything so grimy as the old stones of the churchyard avenue." He adds suppositions which are unsubstantiated in the original notes, such as that the prayers of the crowd were paid for, to emphasize the economic conditions, and the conjecture on the sort of life the well-to-do couple will lead. In short, where he does not have the information he wants to support his argument, he suggests that it might be so, or gives the impression that it is so. The use of "eye-witness" material here might be compared to that in the Byrd, Durrell, and Mandeville accounts of the last lesson. In the Hawthorne essay, we see the sort of thing Byrd might have done with his diary account of life in North Carolina.

The difference between the news bulletin and the feature, both dealing with an ad-man's suggestion that dairymen boost sales by promoting a "sinful" image of milk, is that the news story simply says, briefly, that this happened, without revealing the writer's feelings except perhaps in his choice and order of information, whereas the feature develops the facts, expressing not only a viewpoint but a lot of facetious suppositions about the matter. The writer of the news story doesn't allow himself to make personal comment; all such comment, dealing with attitudes, opinions and so on, is attributed to a source--"the trade association reports that . . .", ". . .it was suggested. . .", ". . .countered the association. . .", "It pointed to . . . ."

The feature picks up this device, crediting a "financial reporter" as information source, but from the opening sentence, when the writer says, "as if the stock market jitters weren't enough," we receive stylistic cues that tell us this is a light piece. The phrase "nuclear vitamin heads" satirizes the jargon of advertising which calls for "armored calories." The target of the satire is the Madison Avenue mentality, which seeks to open the consumer's pocket through success formulas and gimmicks, in this case the suggestion that milk be given a more exciting "image." The essay is constructed simply upon the presentation of hypothetical examples, showing how the milk industry might carry out Madison Avenue's proposals. Illustration, exaggeration, and parody of familiar advertising are the main features of the satire.

The final suggested exercises are meant to supplement those given throughout the unit. You may, of course, find that some of these exercises could be assigned before the end of the unit, although several of them depend on the student having accumulated a certain amount of material in his journal.

THE RHETORIC OF LITERATURE

TEACHER VERSION

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The Rhetoric of Literature

Teacher Version

I. INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this unit is to explore the uses of rhetoric in literature, specifically imaginative literature. Both rhetoric and literature are broadly defined here: any literary work is a work creating an imagined world, whereas the rhetoric of that work is the strategy used by the author to present that world to the reader and persuade him to accept it and its assumptions and implications. In a sense the word "rhetoric" is used much as it has been in previous rhetoric units, in that it is concerned with how the pattern of ideas is constructed and presented to best communicate with and persuade the reader. Thus we will continue to be concerned with such problems as those of voice or audience, simply transferring our study from the essay form to various imaginative forms. But the use of rhetoric in imaginative literature may differ widely from its use in a discursive essay. Because the author is involved in creating an imagined world, he must adapt the usual rhetorical procedures to a particular situation which may be unlike that of the reader's world. Thus he will be particularly concerned with the speaker or narrator he creates, with the authorial commentary he allows that speaker to make, and with the ways a dramatic situation establishes its point; he will not be concerned with evidence in the strictly logical sense, to systematically prove a proposition as an essayist would.

Our study will center on two or three important critical concepts. We will begin with the idea of the imagined world (as we shall call it, though critics more often call it the virtual world, if you wish to use that term) which is found in all novels, plays, short stories, and poems. This world, no matter how realistic it may seem, is not the same as the real world the student lives in. To begin with, it is only a verbal world, a world on paper. But it may also differ in other obvious ways from our world; for example, it may be either fantastic or realistic. Our students are all familiar with the world of fantasy which allows the existence of such creatures as dragons and witches and supermen; childhood stories such as "The Three Bears" or any science fiction book contain fantastic imagined world. On the other hand, the reader may find the events that happen in the imagined world of Hemingway or J. D. Salinger very much like the things that happen in the real world, in which case we call the work realistic. Still, that realistic imagined world is different from our own in that it has been limited to just a few events, to just a few characters, to just a few ideas, whereas the real world of the reader is infinitely complex, involving countless incidents and people and ideas. Another important difference between an imagined world and our own is that the imagined world can theoretically be entirely understood, limited as it is to what appears on the page, whereas our real world is too difficult ever to be entirely understood. In other words, the imagined world is structured in some understandable way; ours is not necessarily so structured. Thus we can clearly see and understand the relatively simple class structures used by Jane Austen in her novels, whereas the class distinctions between people in our world are much more complex, based on far more than money or inherited names or virtue.

Within this imagined world we will find that the speaker often uses the same rhetorical methods that are used in essays and other discursive forms. In fact, there seems to be a continum of literature from the completely discursive--where the speaker talks directly to the reader (or imagined reader)--to the totally presentational--where the author puts what he has to say in a dramatized situation, as in a play. Some stories or poems are, of course, highly discursive, intent on making a didactic point; the second section of this unit is concerned with such works that show little concern for establishing the dramatized situation. We shall call this mode of presentation the direct mode, since that term will perhaps be more easily understood by the students than the term "discursive." Stories like those of Henry James, and many poems, such as "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth," which we read in an earlier unit, are good examples of this direct mode. In fact, a great deal of poetry, especially that which we call didactic, is more concerned with the presentation of an idea than with defining more specifically the imagined world. In some poetry, such as that of Alexander Pope, discussion of the imagined world is not even very important, as long as we do not assume the speaker is necessarily speaking for the real author. On the other hand, most imaginative literature is more concerned with creating the world of its characters than with making a point. The last section of this unit will include works in the dramatized mode, those more concerned with creating a dramatic scene than with commenting on that scene. These works ask the reader to draw his own conclusion about the story from the plot, characters, setting, and structure--though these elements are artfully managed to lead toward a particular conclusion that the author had in mind when writing the work. Thus, we will be confronted with the problem of how we know what the story is really about, for the dramatized situation seems merely to exist, making no comment and giving no overt interpretation. In reading a work like "A Bottle of Milk for Mother" we are presented only with a story and no obvious clues to its interpretation; the problem is, what shall we say about it, or, what does it mean?

In addition to the above problem, we will also be concerned with narrators in this section. In any literary work, the author is forced to transfer the storytelling to a narrator who is a part of the imagined world; and, because the narrator is created, the author can manipulate him and his words, just as he manipulates the other characters. Therefore, one of the things we will study in the last section is the different kinds of narrators an author can create, and their effect on the action. More specifically, we should be able to say what different rhetorical effects a narrator has on the story when he is also a character in the story (Nick in The Great Gatsby), as compared with the effects when the narrator is distanced from the action (the narrator of The Mayor of Casterbridge).

As we move through this unit, then, our primary concern will be with how the difference between presenting ideas directly and presenting them dramatically affects the author's methods of persuading the reader toward the ideas or values he is presenting. The question as the students might phrase it is, why doesn't the author just come out and tell us what he has to say, rather than making us figure it out from a story? Such a question is not easy to answer, but the concept of the imagined world, the creation of a narrator, and the differing effects of the direct and dramatized modes should help lead toward an answer.

II. THE IMAGINED WORLD

Perhaps the best time to begin this unit would be after the students had finished studying an essay, particularly one in which the logic of argument is stressed. The idea of an imagined world in literature will then clearly contrast with the essay form and will perhaps be easier to understand. Depending on how advanced the class is in comprehending critical theory, the concept of the virtual or imagined world may either be taught directly with examples, or derived inductively from the reading of the first two selections. Those things which need to be said about imagined worlds in literature are included in the introduction to this unit. Examples from recent movies or books that the students may have seen or read, such as science fiction movies or James Bond books, will provide instances of the fantastic imagined world, in which the happenings in the world of the book are very unlikely to occur in the real world. It will be more difficult, however, to show that even realistic imagined worlds are different from our own world. When the students read "The Eighty-Yard Run," for example, it will be important for them to see the difference between the verbal world on the page, with its narrow confines, and their own world, where they can know about many more things than simply football or the life of one aging football hero.

The two selections which follow, then, Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" and Shaw's "The Eighty-Yard Run," provide examples of two different kinds of imagined worlds--the fantastic and the realistic. Discussion of the fantastic world of Hawthorne's story should perhaps center on the problem of how much of such a world can be applied by the reader to his own world; discussion of Shaw's story should perhaps concentrate on why it is necessary to distinguish between a realistic world in a book and the real world outside.

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Rappaccini's Daughter" (reprinted in Student Version)

This story presents a clear case of a fantastic imagined world, for we can never believe that a woman could have a poisoned body like Beatrice and in any sense be real. So the problem raised in the introduction to the Student Version needs to be discussed here: how can an author justify the use of something normally unbelievable in order to create a story that is more then mere fantasy? The answer of course lies in the characters in this story and what they stand for rather than in the action of the plot.

Discussion of this work should probably begin with an analysis of the imagined world. We find several unusual things--that the events happened "long ago" in Padua, that Rappaccini's garden in some way represents the Garden of Eden, and that because of the garden's separation from the world and Rappaccini's love of science, it becomes possible for the poison of the flowers to enter the body of Beatrice without killing her. The rather obvious allegory of the Garden of Eden has been discussed by many critics, who have agreed that a straight allegorical interpretation is not possible, for this is a garden of evil where original sin already has an effect. Also, it is impossible to designate any character as precisely representing a particular role in the Biblical story of creation--for example, Dr. Rappaccini is thought of at the beginning of the story by Giovanni as perhaps being Adam of the present world, yet later we find that Rappaccini created the garden and thus corresponds with God. A good discussion of this problem and its significance in the story can be found in the comments of West and Stallman in their original edition of *The Art of Modern Fiction*. It is sufficient to say here that allusions to Eden and Dante throughout the story only supply an added significance to the events; they do not provide a full interpretation.

An analysis of what happens to the characters will come closer to revealing the significance of the fantastic world. There are several oppositions of characteristics in this story which may be diagrammed thus:

head body evil

---

heart soul good

If it is fair to correlate heart and soul with good, and head and body with evil, which seems to be the distinction made within the story, we can see that each of the characters, at first impression, seems to live on one of these levels. Thus we see that Dr. Rappaccini is concerned with things of the head, with intellectual discoveries. He is said to have no warmth of heart, he cares more for science than mankind and would sacrifice any human being to gain a little more knowledge about his science. These facts seem to make him completely evil; yet at the end we find that he had good intentions in making his daughter poisonous: speaking to Beatrice, who has called her life miserable, he says,

> What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvelous gifts against which no power nor strength can avail an enemy--misery, to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath--misery, to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none?

Rappaccini's mistake becomes apparent here for he thinks evil is an antidote for evil, that the only way to conquer someone who would conquer you is to be more powerful than he. So, because of his good intentions, mistaken though they are, he is not as onesided as he first appears.

His daughter disagrees with his ideas, though, for she knows that a spiritual or Christian love is a better force against evil than simply more evil. This accounts for her strange division between the alternatives diagrammed above, for her body is completely poisonous and evil--because of her submission to her father's will--yet her soul is completely pure and good, for as she dies she says, "I am going, father, where the evil which thou hast striven to mingle with my being will pass away like a dream--like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers, which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden." Thus her real "being," her heart and soul, has never been tainted by the evil flowers.

Dr. Baglioni is also two-sided and difficult to judge. At first he appears to be of a genial nature, and he says to himself that he must save Giovanni from the evils of Rappaccini, but his intentions may not be as honorable as they seem. For we find that he has rivaled Rappaccini as the most respected scientist in Padua, and till now, Rappaccini has been more recognized. Thus Baglioni has the ulterior motive of trying to def.eat Rappaccini while he saves Giovanni. There are several things which indicate his true intention: he considers Rappaccini's cures or successes to be chance, he makes an exception of himself to the statement that "Dr. Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty. . . in Padua," and he paranoically thinks that Beatrice is perhaps being trained to take his job away from him. Yet he is right in saying that Rappaccini is plotting to get Giovanni for his daughter. We must admit then that Baglioni is a mixture of good and evil like the others.

But the key to the story lies in Giovanni Guasconti, who gets entrapped in the garden of poisonous flowers. We will have to explain what Beatrice means when she says at the end:

> Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart; but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not, from the first, more poison in thy nature than in mine?

A cursory reading of the story does not seem to indicate Giovanni's guilt in Beatrice's death, but if we analyze him from the beginning we will see specifically what his sin was.

The first thing we learn about Giovanni is his romatic nature; his fancy is highly active and he has a "tendency to heartbreak." Thus when he comes to the garden he sees the fountain as "an immortal spirit that sung its song unceasingly and without heeding the vicissitudes around it"; later the garden will keep him in "communion with Nature." After he hears and sees Beatrice for the first time, his dreams that night are full of the flowers and her mystery, yet when he awakes in the morning he finds the garden looks different:

> He was surprised and a little ashamed to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be, in the first rays of the sun which. . . brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience.

And the second time he sees Beatrice she is not so mysterious either: "he was struck by her face's expression of simplicity and sweetness,--qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character." The narrator defines Giovanni's character for us soon after when he says,

> Guasconti had not a deep heart--or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now; but he had a quick fancy, and an ardent southern temperment which rose every instant to a higher fever pitch.

From the beginning, then, we see that Giovanni's observations are questionable. And when we come to the scene where Giovanni sees, or thinks he sees, the insect die from Beatrice's breath, the lizard die from the drop of liquid from the flower, and the flowers wilt in the girl's touch, again the question of what is true and what is not true is raised. In each of the instances above, the narrator specifically declares that Giovanni must have been mistaken, that he was too far away to see anything so minute as the wilted flowers, so that, for the time being, we as readers do not know the truth either.

As Giovanni's relationship with Beatrice deepens, however, the question of what he really saw recedes into the background. Instead, he makes a pledge to believe nothing but what she says to him, for she declares that "'the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe.'" And Giovanni finds out how worthy and good Beatrice is the more he keeps her company:

> She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshipped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love.

But Giovanni's love is not true love, but passion or infatuation, "that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart, --how stubbornly does it hold its faith until the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist!" When he is with Beatrice he has no doubts about her; but when he is away, when Baglioni reaches him, he begins to wonder once again if she is as pure as she seems. Baglioni convinces him however to try to save her from her father with the potion he himself has made, and we find Giovanni betraying Beatrice. As the narrator says, "There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes or touch with the finger," but Giovanni does not know this; instead

> his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down, groveling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up; he did but distrust.

This then is Giovanni's sin, doubt, perhaps as Adam doubted God's word about the penalties for eating the forbidden fruit.

Part of the blame for Giovanni's downfall lies in his "shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character," as evidenced by his vanity before the mirror. Yet he is also willfully doubting what he knows otherwise to be truth, as the incident with the spider immediately following indicates. For the spider does not die with the first breath of Giovanni, but the second breath, which is "deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart." Had he kept to the truth he knew through Beatrice's character, he would, as the narrator says, have realized "this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel." But he does not or cannot believe, and thus kills Beatrice by breaking her heart. In this sense, Giovanni's weakness is more poisonous than Beatrice's body, and like Dr. Rappaccini, Giovanni also misunderstands evil; he thinks or assumes that an evil body must mean an evil soul.

Thus the fantastic idea that Beatrice is poisonous is a necessary part of the story; the imagined world could not have been made more realistic without losing effectiveness. For Beatrice's poisonous body is a convenient symbol of man's evil flesh--a symbol that allows Hawthorne to show us that the soul is more important to consider. In this sense, the fantastic imagined world is totally justified. Similarly, in any story that creates a fantastic world, we must look for the same sort of justification.

Study Questions

1. In introducing Signor Rappaccini, what details does Hawthorne use to make it believable that he should act evilly later? -- The reader is prepared for the evil in Rappaccini's character by his appearance, by his unfriendly distantness from his plants, and by the report of the apparently jovial Signor Baglioni--although hints of the latter's duplicity are given.

2. One method by which Hawthorne describes the garden which is such an important part of the world in which the story takes place is by comparing it to the Garden of Eden. In what ways does the story resemble that of Adam and Eve? Are the hints of resemblance merely allusion, or suggestions of similarity, or is this an allegorical retelling of the old story? What effect do the similarities have on the universality of the ideas presented? -- This is a case of allusion, not of allegory, since there is no exact correspondence of each character and detail in Hawthorne's work with those in the story of Adam and Eve. Dr. Rappaccini is compared to Adam as he tends his garden, but it is Giovanni who is drawn into temptation by Beatrice, with Dr. Rappaccini and Signor Baglioni jointly acting a role perhaps comparable to that of the serpent. And since he created the garden, Rappaccini also corresponds with God. But the similarity to the biblical narration is sufficient to add to the universality of the story by suggesting that more than one man has been drawn into evil by a villain acting through a woman he loves, and has thus isolated himself from the world as he knew it--that indeed this is an important Judeo-Christian motif.

3. Many literary works take place in the kind of imagined world in which outer appearance indicates inner character--the villain may be old, bent, and sharp-featured; a good woman may be blond and ever-smiling; bad men ride the black horses and the good ones appear on beautiful white chargers. To what extent is the imagined world of "Rappaccini's Daughter" like this? --Hawthorne clearly uses such conventions, but in a confusing combination of straightforward correspondence between appearance and character, and of sudden reversal. Rappaccini's appearance clearly indicates his evil. Yet at the end his intentions in making his daughter poisonous appear to be at least in part good. Giovanni's youthful good looks should indicate an excellent character--what, then, if we judge Beatrice to be correct in saying there is more poison in his nature than in hers? Is Beatrice's character indicated by her beauty or by her poisonous breath? Does Professor Baglioni's jovial exterior truly reflect

his inner nature, or were his intentions in giving the antidote to Giovanni evil? The imagined world here uses and overturns conventions in a manner perhaps too complex to become completely clear to all students, although their study earlier this year of the use of conventions should help.

4. What effect does the following sentence have on how much you believe this story? "If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua" (p. 9)--The sentence lends a suggestion of historical accuracy and thus of realism to the story.

5. What character in the story seems most like a real person of today? In what ways is he "realistic"? What effect does this have on how real the whole story seems?-- Students will probably conclude that Giovanni, with his poverty, vanity, shallowness, and susceptibility to infatuation, is most realistic. Since he appears first and is central to the story, and since the whole is seen more or less from his point of view, his life-like character helps us to accept the less realistic aspects of the story.

6. Would you accept the supernatural element in the story more or less if it were set in today's American society instead of in Italy "very long ago"?-- As shown in the previous question, the similarity of Giovanni to people in the reader's own experience makes the whole more realistic; conversely, it seems more credible that the impossible may occur in a setting dissimilar from that which we know.

7. In what way is Giovanni more "poisonous" than Beatrice? Is his, like hers, an entirely physical poison, or is it more spiritual or emotional? What does Hawthorne say in the story about how one person can harm another? Does this idea apply only to people in a world in which one's breath may be poisonous, or does it have more universal application?-- As noted in the introduction, Giovanni's sin is in doubting the goodness and purity of Beatrice, instead of having the absolute trust in her which would reflect true love. This, then, is his poison; it is a "spiritual" poison, for he kills the spider only with his second breath, which he "imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart." The idea that lack of trust can symbolically "kill" another has, of course, universal applications; it is not restricted to Hawthorne's imagined world. You will want to lead students to see that, although Hawthorne writes about an unrealistic world, he is symbolically presenting a serious study of the way actual people seem to him to be.

8. As we have seen, the story is largely concerned with the relationship of Giovanni and Beatrice. What effect, then, does the careful development of the character of Rappaccini have?-- The building up of a picture of Rappaccini's heartless devotion to science makes the poisonous garden and poisonous girl more believable. It also adds force to the idea, more prominent in Giovanni, that not fully following the heart can lead to great pain, since Rappaccini apparently did have love of a sort for his daughter, and undoubtedly suffered greatly because of the death which his heartless use of science brought upon her.

9. To read this story, do you have to know anything about universities in Italy at the time? About where Padua is? About how a young man like Giovanni would have been educated before coming to the university? About how his parents treated him? Do you have to know the world in which a person like Giovanni would live to understand what Hawthorne is saying?-- A reader does not need to know his world fully, to know any of these aspects of his life. This question should prepare students for the concept, more fully developed in the discussion of "The Eighty-Yard Run," that an imagined world is only a partial world, be it a realistic or unrealistic one. If time does not permit you to use the second story, you will probably want to discuss this question quite fully.

2. Irwin Shaw, "The Eighty-Yard Run" (p. 424 in Short Story Masterpieces)

Presenting a realistic imagined world, Shaw's story describes the decline of a man who once felt he had tremendous potential. Presented as it is with great detail, it seems quite possible for such a story to be repeated in our world. But the specific details which make up the story also separate its world from the world of the reader.

The point of the story is relatively simple--that the high point of Christian Darling's life was the great run in football practice, that thereafter he never fulfilled his promise, that his wife outran him intellectually, and that he was left to sell clothes. It is the opposite, of course, of the familiar story of a poor boy moving up to worldly success, for Darling begins with all the advantages most people could desire and goes downward. At the time of the eighty-yard run, he is a handsome, well-built man, he has a beautiful girl friend who loves him sincerely, and his girl's father is rich and will establish him in business. At this point, he reaches his peak.

But the world does not allow this success story to continue; the stock crash ruins Darling's financial career. More important, his life with his wife is also changing, though more slowly. And, as soon as he allows his difficulties to get him down, his wife takes things upon herself, gets a job as a writer for a woman's magazine and supports her husband's drinking. Along Darling's road downhill, there are several landmarks in the changing relation of the husband and wife. One of the events he particularly remembers when he begins to see that his wife has changed is when she wears a new hat. This does not seem too significant until we realize, as he vaguely does, that it signals a greater change in the woman. Then finally, shamed into getting a job for himself, watching his wife draw further away from him, Darling falls back for support on the one real asset he has--his body. His build is what won him admiration in college, perhaps first interested his girl friend, and now it provides him the means to support himself after he has lost his wife's love. What we realize then is that Darling never had any other capacity except physical prowess; when his wife had the chance, it is not surprising that she proved more intellectual than he.

The plot line of this story, then, is obvious; and the idea of success built only upon appearances is a fairly common theme in literature. The discussion of the story, after a brief analysis of plot, might center on the techniques the author uses to make the story so realistic, so probable.

The most obvious device is the convincing selection of detail. The exact sensory impressions and feelings prompted by the eighty-yard run, for instance, help show us what such a run can feel like--as we take the same run. The details that are used during the parties Darling's wife holds--

such as snatches of conversation, about Communism or modern art--also add to our conviction that this story could be real. At the same time, these details limit the possibility of the story's reality; for the more the author limits the world through details, the more we see the narrowness of that imagined world, the more we realize that this world has been ordered and arranged and simplified, making it unlike our real world.

Though this is a difficult point, it is important that the students understand the ways a realistic imagined world differs from their own. To make this clear, it would perhaps be useful to discuss what details have been left out of the story, events that happen in anyone's life but which are irrelevant to the point Shaw is making. If we can show that the author has carefully selected only certain details, the students will perhaps understand that even a realistic world is not the real world.

At this point, before discussion of rhetorical means within the imagined world begins, it would be a good idea to review some of the works already read this year to see what sort of imagined world they contain. Works such as "The Second Coming," for example, apply some fantasy to their world; most of the works read, however, attempt to be realistic because it is then easier to comment on our real world through creating a similar one. Thus the recognition of different qualities in imagined worlds indicates generally the specific concern of that work, providing an important clue to the central idea.

Study Questions

1. How does the wording of the first scene make you "feel" along with Darling? What effect does the detailed description of his feelings during and after the eighty-yard run have on the impression the whole story gives you?-- The reader "feels" along with Darling in the first scene because his sensuous impressions are so detailed. We know how the faces of opposing players looked to him, how his thigh pads and later his slacks felt against his legs, how the sweat felt on his skin. We are so thoroughly put into the skin of Darling in that first scene that we continue to identify with him throughout the story.

2. Does the story make you feel sorrier for Darling or for his wife? Would your feelings be any different if you knew his wife's thoughts and emotions as well as his? If you knew only hers? If it were written from her point of view, would the world in which the events take place still look the same?-- The objective here is to show how point of view affects the reader's total impression of the story. Since we know the thoughts and feelings of Darling only, we tend to see events from his position and to sympathize with him. If the telling were omniscient, so that we also knew how Louise thought and felt, we might sympathize with both; if Louise's point of view were used, we would probably see Darling as the enemy who has won her without deserving her and has damaged her life. It would be an imagined world with the same physical details, but much would look different because it would be centered around Louise rather than Darling.

3. Hawthorne uses detail which shows us that the world of his story is a different world from ours, a world in which women can breathe death. But Shaw wants the reader to feel that his story takes place in a world much like his own. What details does he use to give this feeling?--Again, the sensuous details which cause us to identify with Darling help give this impression. So do the typicality of the campus and of the pair's life in New York, and the similarity of the decay of their love to such decay in many actual couples. Nothing sets them very far apart from the reader's experience--they are at first well-off, but not hugely wealthy; Darling is a good football player but not the best; both enjoy success, love, and luxury.

4. We have noted how Shaw, unlike Hawthorne, is attempting to present a world much like the reader's own world. But in the real world, can fifteen years be skipped over so quickly? Does a college boy only play football and date, an older man only drink and embrace his wife in the bathtub? Does life begin and end on a football field? How is the world Shaw presents different from the real world?-- The details of Shaw's world are like the real world, but they are far fewer, simpler, and more ordered.

5. Do you learn as much detail about Darling's reaction to the stock-market crash as to the eighty-yard run? To his job as a suit salesman as to his wife's hat? Does the author lead you at a steady pace through Darling's life, or does he jump from place to place?-- Shaw stresses the very few moments in Darling's life which are most essential to the story: the run, the episode of the hat, the night Louise went to Waiting for Lefty with Flanerty, the return to the football field. The rest is run over very lightly. This is typical of the literary "imagined world," since no author wants to tell us about all the daily routine of his hero. Thus time moves at a very uneven pace in most fiction.

6. We have noted that the imagined world of "The Eighty-Yard Run" is much simpler than the real world. Would this be as true if the story were turned into a novel? How do the imagined worlds of short storie differ from those of novels?--Even in a novel, the world is far simpler, more ordered, and less filled with daily routine than is the real world. But of course its length allows a much fuller relating of detail than does the short story.

III. THE DIRECT MODE

Once the student is aware that all imaginative literature involves a virtual or imagined world, the problem to be raised is how the author ca speak to the reader using what might seem an awkward vehicle; in other words, how does the author, using a speaker and characters, communicate his ideas or values? We hope that the rest of this unit will help the student arrive at an answer.

Within the framework of the imagined world, there is a continuum of modes used by the created speaker, from the completely discursive--the direct mode--to the completely presentational--the dramatized mode. And the speaker may use either or both of these modes of communication within the imagined world. In some poems and stories, such as "Essay on Man" by Alexander Pope, or "Say Not the Struggle" by Clough, the method is direct; it seems almost as if the real author is speaking directly to the real reader without bothering to create an imagined world. And indeed, in such poems, consideration of the imagined world is relatively unimportant, though for the reasons presented in the introduction to this unit, we will still make the distinction between the poem and the real world. These poems generally ignore the imagined world because they seem to have an obvious thesis to present; they are in some sense overtly didactic. And we can examine the means used to "prove" that idea, whether metaphoric example, logical argument, or mere assertion, much as we would examine the rhetorical and logical proofs in a discursive essay. The main problem which will be encountered here is the question of what effect the knowledge of the imagined world has on our reading of the poem (which in some cases may be very little).

The poems we will read in this section of the unit, then, go from those which use the most direct methods within the dramatic framework, Pope's "Know Then Thyself" and Bryant's "Thanatopsis," to those which, though clearly presenting an idea, begin to establish that idea through a dramatic example, such as Dickinson's "Success Is Counted Sweetest" and a parable from the Bible.

1. Alexander Pope, "Know Then Thyself" (Immortal Poems, pp. 160-62)

Because the imagined world is relatively unimportant in this selection from "Essay on Man," and because the poem is in fact called an "Essay," perhaps the easiest way to analyze this passage is to treat it as an essay, that is trying to establish an idea. Since the students have been writing so many papers intent on proving a thesis, they may be able to do all the analysis here themselves.

The central idea or proposition of the passage is, clearly enough, contained in the first couplet:

> Know then theyself, presume not God to scan,
> The proper study of mankind is man.

The rest of the poem then tries to establish what man is that he should be studied; thus this poem is a definition of man, and will discuss his characteristics.

The first verse paragraph goes on to remark what a paradoxical creature man really is: knowing a little too much to satisfy the Sceptic, knowing too little of how to control himself to please the Stoic. Man is between two extremes or has two conflicting characteristics at all times: "He hangs between." (This, of course, is related to seventeenth and eighteenth century ideas of the Great Chain of Being; whether or not you want to say anything about this may depend on the nature of the class. The effect of knowing about this concepts would be to make the imagined world more apparent to 20th Century student.) The paradoxes in man's situation are apparent in such lines as "Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err," as though the very purpose of a man's life is death and of his reasoning to make mistakes. Each of these contradictions of character or paradoxes of situation and circumstanc could be discussed at some length with examples, but the line which sums up the odd creature, man, is "The glory, jest, and riddle of the world," where each of the key words is substantiated by the preceding material.

The second and third verse paragraphs analyze two of these conflicting characteristics of man, mentioned earlier as "Thought and Passions," or as here, "Self-love" and "Reason." The speaker compares and contrasts these two elements of man, showing how Self-love provides the motives for man's actions, his emotions, and how Reason is the check upon that emotion. It is occasionally difficult to be sure which characteristic is being discussed in each couplet, for the speaker switches quickly back and forth between the two, until we realize the pronoun "that" always refers to Self-love and the pronoun "this" refers to Reason. Other labels for these characteristics are: Self-love as the "spring of motion" and the "moving principle"; Reason as the "comparing balance," and the "comparing." Once the references have been straightened out, the point becomes clear: that though Reason and Self-love work for opposite ends, without both nothing sensible could be achieved:

> Man, but for that [Self-love], no action could attend,
> And, but for this [Reason], were active to no end.

The third paragraph makes explicit the difference between the two elements: how one is strong, the other quiet; one concerned with the present, the other with the future. The paragraph ends by showing how Reason, the controlling element, can be further developed through "Attention, habit, and experience."

The last two paragraphs turn from psychological matters to the moral nature of man, discussing specifically the place of vice, honor, shame, and fortune in man's condition. The fourth paragraph deals almost exclusively with the vice man is guilty of but which he claims is worse in his neighbor. The last paragraph describes man's responsibility for what he is: "Act well your part, there all the honor lies." People who rely on Fortune, then, to determine their condition are clearly deluded, for it is not the exterior picture that is important. A person who relies on fortune is little different from other people; it is internal worth and wisdom that describe man's value:

> Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
> The rest is all but leather or prunella.

The point to be made by such a discussion is how dominant the direct mode is in this poem; the poem is primarily an assertion of certain beliefs in what man is or should be. It is also a tremendous condensation of generalizations about man, yet it provides logical proof through such examples as those in the last paragraph, the listing of men like cobblers and parson. What imaginative elements it has are primarily its similes, such as the comparison of man with a meteor or a plant.

Study Questions

1. What function do the first two lines serve? The first paragraph? Each of the following paragraphs? Does this suggest a development more like that of the essay or that of the short story?-- The first two lines more or less state the subject, which is the nature of mankind. The rest of this paragraph states the problem, showing that identifying man's nature is a difficult task, since he is full of paradoxes. The way in which succeeding paragraphs develop the concept of the contention between self-love and reason is outlined in the Teacher Version introduction, above. The development, then, is much like a typical essay: it states the topic and problem, then moves on to state an answer, rather than indicating these through presentation of a narrative.

2. "Know Then Thyself" presents its ideas directly, by telling you the author's thoughts. Could the same ideas be told indirectly? What would the poem be like then?-- These ideas could be presented in several less direct, or discursive, ways: through a series of examples, through a single narrative, even through a drama. Students might enjoy and profit from discussing the sort of story which could best suggest Pope's ideas, or even from writing it.

3. Does Pope really completely tell you what man is in this poem? What other characteristics could he have mentioned? How would his definition differ from that of a dictionary? Of a biologist? Of a minister? Shaw presented only part of what the life of a man like Darling would be; the imagined world of the story was an incomplete one. Does Pope present an imagined world? If so, is it a complete one?-- Pope mentions only two mental characteristics of man; he could have brought in hundreds of these, plus the physical characteristics that the dictionary or biologist would mention, the spiritual characteristics of man as a fallen soul or an imitation of God that a minister might bring up. Students should easily see that Pope presents only a partial definition of man, and from this you may be able to lead them to see that here too we are working with an imagined world; that Pope portrays his imagined man as having only these two characteristics in order to emphasize their presence in the real man.

2. William Cullen Bryant, "Thanatopsis" (reprinted in Student Version)

This poem uses many of the same rhetorical methods as "Know Then Thyself" but has a few peculiar means of its own to establish its moral. Its thesis or didactic statement is that a study of Nature will teach a man much about death and how to meet it; each poetic paragraph develops some part of that idea until the peroration at the end exhorts the reader to meet death calmly.

The thesis is presented in the first section of the poem; after the discussion brought around to thoughts of death, which are a "Blight/ Over they spirit." The speaker then proclaims, "Go forth, under the open sky, and list/ To Nature's teachings."

The second section is an objective description of what to expect when death comes--the loss of the body, the mixing of the body with the elements of earth or ocean. These are, of course, the thoughts which supposedly trouble such images as "the embrace of ocean" and "a brother to the insensible rock/ And to the sluggish clod" present some of the warmth with which Nature receives her children later in the poem. The following paragraphs approach death with this consolatory aim.

The consolation is achieved primarily through the use of two or three central metaphors--the couch of death, the universal tomb of the earth, and the caravan of the dead. By arguing that the listener is not alone in death and that the earth presents a most comfortable tomb, the speaker shows the consolation to be found in saying death is universal. The descriptions of the tomb of man and of the number of dead men already in that tomb also stress that man should not be afraid of death; the descriptions make the earth seem magnificent and broad and death itself only a rest.

The final section combines these dominant metaphors into the caravan of the dead and the calm acceptance of rest on the couch of death. And the speaker declares that trust should sustain the faltering man (though whether that trust is in Nature's voice or something else is not too clear). Still, the last section clearly enough provides the moral tag to the rest of the poem.

The point that needs discussion in class is the use of such significant metaphors, particularly how the metaphors actually provide much of the organization of the poem (as compared with the logical divisions in Pope's poem), and how they add to the imaginative texture of the poem. Though the method is primarily direct, this poem is more concerned with the imagined situation than Pope's poem is. In addition to the metaphors, the fact that the speaker clearly has a particular kind of listener in mind indicates the dramatic situation.

Study Questions

1. What function does each paragraph of the poem perform? Is the development more like that of an essay or that of a short story?-- The development, which is again of course more like that of an essay, is detailed in the Teacher Version introduction. Students might observe that the organization here comes even closer to that of the typical essay, with an opening statement of idea followed by development and a concluding restatement, which takes the form of an exortation to action.

2. Is any kind of a "story" told in this poem? If so, who is it about? What function does the story serve in putting across the point of the poem? Is there more or less story than is found in "Know Then Thyself"?-- There is at least a suggestion of a story about the reader himself, who the poem assumes is presently somewhat awed and perhaps frightened by death, and who may die friendless but will have the consolation of nature's company and of the company of every other man at his death.

3. In lines 18-30, what special way of speaking of natural objects is used to make them seem actively companionable to man?--Personification makes the sun, the ocean, the rock, the clod, and the oak seem to be actively providing companionship to man.

4. What metaphor is central to the development from line 31 to the end of that paragraph? What ideas does it present? Does it present these ideas more or less directly than those in the first paragraph? Than "Know Then Thyself"?--The metaphor of nature as a couch or great tomb for all the dead presents the idea that all are in the realm of death, which holds many more people than are alive. Of course the presentation of these ideas is somewhat less direct than the presentation of those of the first paragraph or of "Know Then Thyself.

5. Would you say that "Thanatopsis" is more or less direct in its presentation than is "Know Then Thyself"? What makes you think so?-- Although the poem is primarily direct, or discursive, the use of metaphor and of a slight narrative element make it a little less so than Pope's poem.

3. Emily Dickinson, "Success is Counted Sweetest" (p. 443, Immortal Poems

This poem and the one following, also by Dickinson, use the same rhetorical techniques. Each begins with the logical statement of a thesis; that idea is then illustrated with a dramatized metaphor.

In this poem, the first two lines present the idea; the third and fourth lines present a metaphoric restatement of the idea; the second and third stanzas present a dramatic situation in which the idea is "proved." The idea that those who do not have something can understand it better than those who do have it--in this case, success--is developed both in the restatement and the dramatic example. The third and fourth lines mean simply that the sweetness of nectar (which could mean something as significant as the drink of the gods or simply a sweet, refreshing drink) can be best imagined by the thirsty. While this statement is not directly related to success, the sweetness of both nectar and success connects the two ideas. The example of the dying man understanding victory better than any of the victors is a simple illustration that effectively establishes the idea. The use of a few well-chosen words heightens the effect of this example: the word "purple" can have both the meaning of the color things appear to have at a distance, and the royal color signifying power; the word "strains" can be both the sound of the bugle or the sounds of fighting; the distinction between "agonized" and "clear" helps present the anguish of the listener and yet the clarity of the success he sees they have gained, just as "forbidden ear" emphasizes that the listener is forbidden successand illustrates his anguish as a result.

Study Questions

1. What function do the first two lines serve in the poem? The second two?-- The first two state the theme; the second two restate it metaphorically.

2. Does "Success Is Counted Sweetest" have more or less narrative than "Know Then Thyself" and "Thanatopsis"? If it does contain any narrative, what function does this serve?-- The second and third stanzas present a narrative example to illustrate the statement made in the first stanza. Thus the first stanza is primarily direct; the second and third are "presentational." You might wish to introduce this term in a fairly advanced class.

3. Is "Success Is Counted Sweetest" more or less direct than "Thanatopsis" What makes you think so?--"Thanatopsis" does have a suggestion of narrative, but "Success Is Counted Sweetest" is clearly two-thirds narrative, and half of the remaining third is a figurative statement; unquestionably, it is less direct.

4. What, if anything, would be lost by omitting all but the first two lines of the poem?-- Discussion should now get to the heart of the old question, "If that's what he meant, why didn't he just say it?" Answers are so subjective that it is tempting just to bypass the question; yet in doing so, we are bypassing the opportunity to defend the study of literature. Here we at least have clear grounds for discussion, since the idea the narrative is to put across is directly stated. The answer might note that the metaphoric restatement provides "proof" by suggesting the generality that many qualities and possessions, not just success, look better when we don't have them--that "The grass is greener on the other side of the fence." The narrative clarifies the sort of situation the author is thinking about and provides further "proof" by presenting an incident in which the direct statement is true. But in addition to strengthening the main idea, the added material also supplies interest, excitement, and exercise for the imagination. You might ask students why most people prefer watching a detective show or reading a mystery to reading a statement about how the good always, win, so therefore crime does not pay.

4. Emily Dickinson, "After Great Pain a Formal Feeling Comes" (reprinted in Student Version)

Structured in much the same way as the previous poem, "After Great Pain" also proves a direct statement through metaphoric illustration. The thesis here is simply the first line, "After great pain a formal feeling comes." Exactly what the "great pain" is is not clear; biographical critics would say it was the death of someone close to Emily Dickinson; actually, however, because it is generally used, it can refer to any kind of pain, physical, emotional, spiritual. The phrase "a formal feeling comes" is the point to be proven and the word "formal," of course, allows us to think both of a formal occasion, in this case perhaps a funeral, and of the formality and numbness a person feels after pain.

The use of "formal" looks ahead to the two dominant metaphors which are used in the rest of the poem to describe the person who has felt the pain--one that the feeling after pain is connected with death or a funeral; the other that the person becomes completely numb, without normal reactions. The death metaphor is continued in the tomb-like nerves, and the letting-go of the freezing person (which in one sense is like death, for the person may not recover from the reaction to the great pain, as the freezing person may not outlive the snow). One other use of the death metaphor may be in the "hour of lead," for lead was sometimes used to line the coffin to protect the corpse.

A second metaphor, of numbness and stiffness is also developed throughout the poem; in the "ceremonious" nerves, the stiff heart which cannot remember for sure when the pain occurred, the wooden mechanical walking around, the "quartz contentment, like a stone," the heaviness of lead, the stupor involved in the freezing person.

In dealing both with this poem and the previous one, the principal point of discussion should be whether the imaginative presentation seems to convince the reader more effectively of the idea than straight logical argumentation would have done. Is such an idea as "Success is counted sweetest/ By those who ne'er succeed" really provable in a logical manner anyway? Questions about what kind of evidence would be needed to prove such an idea logically would perhaps help show the effectiveness of each of these poems, as well as illustrate the cliché that some subjects can be treated only in an imaginative, "poetic" manner.

Study Questions

1. What is the main point which is developed in this poem?--Again the opening, here just the first line, is a generalization which is central to the rest of the poem.

2. According to the first line, great pain brings "a formal feeling." This is a rather vague description of what happens. Does the rest of the poem do anything to show just what is meant by a "formal feeling"?--As is outlined in the Teacher Version introduction, the rest of the poem is largely concerned with clarifying and expanding the meaning of "formal feeling."

3. Does the rest of the poem "prove" the first line, as it did in "Success Is Counted Sweetest"? If not, what function does it serve?-- After discussing the previous question, students should easily see that the rest of the poem attempts to clarify an abstract statement more than to prove it. This should bring them to a deeper understanding of the reasons for the presentational mode: much literature is about ideas too subjective to be stated clearly in one direct statement.

4. If all but the direct statement in the first line were omitted here, what would be lost?--Students should understand by now that if the rest were omitted, the poem would lack not only a sort of proof and esthetic elaboration, but also clarity in the statement itself, perhaps a more vital characteristic.

5. The Parable of the Unmerciful Servant

This parable, like the two Dickinson poems, proves its point through a dramatized example, and the conclusion is supposedly illustrated sufficiently by that small story. The thesis is presented in this passage by Christ himself in speaking to Peter: forgive others seventy times seven times.

But the problem is to decide how the story about the unmerciful servant illustrates this thesis. To begin with, such a thesis is nearly unprovable logically, for it requires acceptance of the belief in punishment for wrong actions, and since unforgiving is wrong here, it will be punished. In other words, the thesis is based on the presupposition or assumption of God to punish, something perhaps unprovable logically. Thus the parable proves its point imaginatively, and if it is accepted, the idea is only believed, not logically known. Second, the parable succeeds because it appeals to the universal situation of one person owing another person money, thus evoking empathy with the poor servant in debt to the unforgiving servant.

Study Questions

1. What is the main point which this parable attempts to prove? -- Again the work centers around the statement of the first lines. You might want to point out in the course of the discussion of the parable that to "prove" something in literature does not mean to give absolute, undeniable logical proof but to show that the main idea is at least at times true of real life. You could, as suggested in the Teacher Version introduction to "After Great Pain," discuss what sort of evidence would be necessary to prove the statement logically, and you might extend this to questions about other presentational proofs which could be used for literary proof.

2. You can see by now that the opening statement is not fully, logically proven by the story which follows. Then what purposes does the story serve? -- The narrative certainly at least suggests proof, particularly for a non-analytical audience. It also serves to clarify the type of situation to which the statement might apply, while making the moral lesson more amusing and more memorable.

3. What character in the story do you tend to feel sorriest for? Which one do you feel least sorry for? What do these feelings do to your impression of whether or not men should be forgiven? -- Students will presumably feel most sorry for the fellow-servant, the second debtor, and least for the servant himself. The effect will probably be to prejudice them in favor of the moral, which would protect the fellow-servant; thus, as stated in the Teacher Version introduction, "to establish an idea, literature depends as much on enlisted sympathy as upon any particular example or proof."

6. Thomas Hardy, "Hap" (p. 454, Immortal Poems)

Though this poem uses many of the same methods as those above, and is a direct statement of sorts, it differs considerably in that the acknowledgment of the imagined world in which it is spoken is an important part of the poem. We recognize that this speaker may have certain qualities we could not necessarily assign to the author.

The poem is a protest against the nature of the universe, against the indifferent chances and circumstances that make the speaker's life unhappy and full of pain rather than full of bliss. Though the poem considers only two possibilities, there are actually three possible views of the universe: that it is ruled by a beneficent power, by a "vengeful god," or by "Purblind Doomsters" who are totally indifferent to man. For some reason, the speaker does not even consider the possibility that the universe is ruled by his creation. Thus only two possibilities are given, one that the universe is antagonistic to man, the other that the universe is ruled by a beneficent power--evidently such a god would not visit such unhappiness on his creation. Thus only two possibilities are given, one that the universe is antagonistic to man, the other that it is indifferent. The first view, clearly enough, would present some consolation if it were true:

> Then would I bear it, clench myself and die,
> Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited.

But this view is not the right one, for there is no more evidence of a malignant force than there is of a beneficent force. Thus chance, time, "Hap" are the only forces ruling man's life, slaying joy and not allowing hope to sprout. The speaker then objects that it would have been just as easy for such indifferent forces to be kind as to be unkind; why were they unkind?

Though the poem is not difficult, we must infer a long history of unhappy experience on the part of the speaker. This then is the imagined world from which the character speaks; in the real world we are rarely concerned so emphatically with such matters as the nature of the universe. Another indication of the imaginative aspect of this poem is the use of images from nature to exemplify what has happened to the man--unblooming hope, obstruction of sun and rain--as well as the dicing image and slain joy.

Study Questions

1. Does any one section more or less sum up what the whole poem says? If so, what does the rest of the poem contribute?-- The last two lines to some degree sum up the most important idea, but certainly not to the same extent as do the opening lines of "Success Is Counted Sweetest," "After Great Pain," and "The Parable of the Unmerciful Servant." The idea here is more complex than those of the three previous poems, so here the other lines not only add clarification and interest; they also develop the thought in logical steps.

2. What is the imagined world of the poem like? What sort of world would the speaker prefer? -- The imagined world is one in which chance constantly bring evil on the speaker. He says that he would at least prefer to have the evil come from a vengeful god who would get some enjoyment from his suffering.

3. You observed in the first part of the unit that the authors were presenting only parts of the lives of their characters. Is Hardy, too, picturing an over-simplified world here? If so, in what ways is it oversimplified? Why does he choose to speak about these particular aspects of life?-- Hardy simplifies the world by saying that chance always brings evil, which of course is not true; sometimes it brings beneficial results. And of course not everything depends on chance, for man can bring about some good through his own determination. Hardy uses his oversimplified world view to show how little the effect on man seems to matter to whatever powers are behind chance.

IV. THE DRAMATIZED MODE

We come now to that type of literature which is more concerned with creating the imagined world than with making its point directly, which creates a specific dramatic situation and allows that scene to makes its own point without much narrative commentary. Much literature, of course, fits this description, particularly narrative forms like drama and the short story and novel. It should be made clear that at this point on the continuum of literature, which we set up in the early part of this unit, come the two works with which we began, Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" and Shaw's "The Eighty-Yard Run." The diagram on page 28 may illustrate this continuum more clearly.

The four works we will read in this part of the unit show a gradual movement from a mixture of the direct and the dramatized--presented here by two kinds of narrators, third and first person, in Harte's "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and O'Faolain's "Innocence"--to the almost totally dramatic. Harte's work is a good example of a story with a moralizing narrator who presents his idea directly, but who, because he _is_ relating a narrative with a plot, must occasionally present the scene dramatically--through conversation, for instance. And O'Faolain's narrator, too, is a moralizer, but because he is a character in his own right, we think of his commentary not so much as a direct attempt to communicate with the reader as a further characterization of the man. This difference in attitude toward the two narrators seems to rise from the fact that we see Harte's narrator as something of a _mask_ for the real author, a device to enable the author to enter the imagined world, and O' Faolain's narrator as a separate personality from the author, a persona whom we cannot be sure is speaking for the author.

The last two works belong at the opposite end of the continuum from such discrusive works as Pope's "Know Then Thyself." Here we find works that allow no authorial comment at all; here the work is totally dramatic or the narrator tries to be completely objective. All drama fits this description, for in that form there is no distinct authorial voice and we can rarely be sure whether any one of the characters is speaking for the author. Some dramas it is true, make their point more directly than others, as for example Bernard Shaw's "thesis plays." But in most drama, the audience is left to interpret for itself. In this unit, the dramatized mode of literature is represented by a dramatic monologue, Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," and by a short story told without commentary, Algren's "A Bottle of Milk for Mother." (You may want to include a play here, or the unit which follows, on Hamlet, should be related to the continuum established here.) The problems that the completely dramatized work presents to interpretation are obvious--we are left on our own to discover pattern or meaning in the events. Thus, close attention to events and to the narrator's words (where there is a narrator) is necessary to discover an otherwise unstated "meaning." In such works, then, our primary consideration becomes character and character relations, for we have no other guides to the meaning of the work, no other means to discover the judgments we are being asked to make of the events which occur.

DIRECT (essay)

- Pope, "Know Then Thyself"
- Bryant, "Thanatopsis"
- Dickinson's poems
- Parable of the Unforgiving Servant
- Hardy, "Hap"
- Harte, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"
- Hawthorne, "Rappaccini's Daughter"
- O'Faolain, "Innocence"
- Shaw, "The Eighty-Yard Run"
- Browning, "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"
- Algren, "A Bottle of Milk for Mother"

DRAMATIZED (drama)

It should be noted that the above placements are rather tentative, but that the entire continuum merely shows a progressively more pronounced concern with the imagined world as you read down the page. Thus, O'Faolain's story, because it contains direct commentary by a first person narrator, has been placed before Shaw's story, even though it may be considered by some as more dramatic in form than that story.

1. Bret Harte, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"

The key to the values expressed in this story lies in the narrator who offers so much commentary about his characters' morals. He is, of course, a mask for the author, and omniscient, in that he often tells us what the characters think, as when he indicates that Tom Simson is a devoted slave to the gambler, Oakhurst. And he mixes the direct and the dramatized, both telling us what we should know and illustrates his point through short scenes, as when the Duchess blushes because Oakhurst kisses her.

The story itself is rather simple: a certain number of undesirable citizens are cast out of a mining town, fail to make it across a mountain pass, and freeze to death when the snow comes. At the end, we can say the tale is melodramatic and sentimental at times--for example, when Piney Woods, the virginal girl, comforts the head of Duchess, the painted prostitute. The central character, John Oakhurst, is the familiar good bad-guy, the man who appears bad but has the "heart of gold." We find no difficulty in making such assertions about the characters, for each of these judgments is controlled by the comments of the narrator.

The narrator forms the reader's opinion of the town of Poker Flat, of the characters themselves, and of their reactions to being snowbound. For example, the town's motives are clearly outlined by the narrator, and we feel a certain disapproval of the act of throwing the people out of town even though we might normally approve. For the narrator says:

> There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous. . . . In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody". . . . It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it.

Thus the town is being hypocritical to a certain extent by throwing out those people whom it considers evil when they could not have existed there in the first place without the town's patronage. That the people are hypocritical is further proved by the fact that those who had lost money to John Oakhurst were the ones who wanted to hang him. Thus the narrator has given us an ambiguous attitude toward the town, despite the fact it is upholding normal values in its action.

He does the same with the characters, for he acknowledges that the people expelled from Poker Flat were undesirables, yet by the end of the story we feel their nobility: we see, for example, Mother Shipton starve herself to death; she and the Duchess also are kind to the "innocent," the virgin Piney; Oakhurst attempts to cover up the theft by Uncle Billy so as not to alarm the young ones, and otherwise takes care of them as much as possible. And the narrator's obvious and deliberate juxtaposition of the innocent and the evil in the persons of Piney and the Duchess huddled together under the snow is an attempt to influence the reader's ordinary opinion of prostitutes.

The best example of the narrator's influencing the values and opinions of the reader comes in the last line when John Oakhurst is said to be "at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat"--strong in his calm acceptance of being snowbound, weak in facing death when it finally came and putting a bullet through his head. The narrator's judgment of Oakhust is based in part on Oakhurst's own philosophy of life. The gambler treats life as just a game of cards governed by the rule of chance; thus he is able to accept being expelled from Poker Flat because "with him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer." Oakhurst expresses his philosophy himself when talking to the Innocent about luck, which he says "is a mighty qeer thing. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you." But the gambler could not face with complete equanamity the fact that this particular streak of bad luck must end in death by starvation, so he "cashes in his chips," proving the narrator's final words.

What is important rhetorically about this story is that it is primarily discursive and direct, for almost all the action is told us by the narrator, and only occasionally through conversation are the characters allowed to reveal themselves. Thus the narrator attempts to control as much as possible the reader's responses. The same moral judgments of the characters could not be easily be presented or forced on the reader by a different kind of narrator. We tend to accept a mask of this sort as authoritative, since it clearly stands for the real author, whereas we might question the narrator's reliability if his personality were more particularized.

Study Questions

1. Do you feel that the people of Poker Flat were entirely justified in throwing out Oakhurst and his companions? Is your feeling a result of the things you are directly told, of incidents in the story, or of both?--The narrator directly tells us that the town was more active than was justifiable in excluding "improper persons," saying that the community "was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and as ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it." And the idea is also suggested dramatically, by showing that those who had lost to Oakhurst at cards were most violently against him. Sarcasm also serves to express the idea, when the outcasts are described as "the deported wickedness of Poker Flat" and the philosophical Mr. Oakhurst himself as "a coolly desperate man."

2. Is there any change during the story in the amount of goodness you see in Mother Shipton? In the Duchess? What details give you your opinion of them? Are you told about them directly or dramatically?--We are told, directly, about the evil of the two women, but we are shown, dramatically, their kindness to Piney, which tends to change our original opinion of them.

3. How do you find out that Tom Simson is a devoted slave to Oakhurst? Do you learn in the same way that Mother Shipton is capable of great sacrifice? In which case is the attitude presented more directly?-- The narrator tells us directly that Tom idolizes Oakhurst, but he narrates dramatically, without commentary, the incident of Mother Shipton's sacrificial death.

4. Why did Mr. Oakhurst kill himself? How do you know that this was his reason? Would you be as sure without the narrator's final words? Is his motivation presented directly or dramatically? --The incidents of the story don't indicate whether he killed himself to save the remaining food supply for the women or to escape starvation. Dramatically, motivation for both is presented; it is only from the narrator's final words that we know his suicide was cowardly rather than self-sacrificial.

2. Sean O'Faolain, "Innocence" (Short Story Masterpieces, p. 363)

In only a slightly different way does this story control the reader's opinions, for here the speaker is a first-person narrator; yet like Harte's narrator, he tries to persuade the reader to take a certain view of the events he tells about. He does so almost agrumentatively, directly addressing the reader several times with questions and assertions, as when he asks how his child could not believe confession was a game. Because the man is so intimately involved in the action, we are convinced he knows what he is talking about, thus influencing our acceptance of his statements.

Indeed, the father's understanding of the Catholic ceremony of confession and its meaning to children is the central point of the story. He speaks, of course, as a reminiscing father who, seeing his son prepared for first confession, remembers his own experiences in confession. He knows that now his son is really innocent, despite the little "sins" of lying, cheating at cards, and calling his father a pig. Because he is innocent, the need for confession does not yet in reality exist. And the father recognizes that the ceremony will not achieve its purpose. Instead of allowing for the forgiveness of sins, the confession may defeat itself by introducting the hitherto truly innocent child to an understanding of sin.

Most of the story is, thus, not about the son, but about the father, and about how the introduction to sin affects the innocent. His own introduction to sin, ironically enough, occurred in confession, when he thought he had committed adultery, and through the priest's questions, found out what adultery is. This introduction to sin led to his own first real sin, his lies to his mother about the afternoon.

The profound effect of this experience is apparent as the boy left the church, for objects and people looked different after his first cognizance of sin. He walked into the darkest part of the church because his patron saint's statue seemed to stare blamefully at him; the old and poor people in the church seemed clean and pure compared to his own feeling about himself. As he walked in the dark streets, he saw only a single star, which represented his lost innocence, now so far away; and he became afraid of the dark night--which also means the life lived with the knowledge of sin--before him.

As the narrator recognizes forty years later, the entire event is largely comical to other people, as when he describes his quaking feet sticking out from under the curtain of the booth. This point should be stressed, for it is the attitude an objective narrator might express. However, to this narrator and his son--a "small Adam" about to fall--the story becomes sadly pathetic, showing the fall of all men.

The purpose of studying this and the previous story is simply to show the different effects on the reader created by differing narrators. Here, the narrator's account of his story brings us to a sympathetic understanding, and actually makes us accept a normally comic story as a pathetic one, for we see it from his point of view. Our attitude toward the characters in Harte's story is different, though; we feel more distant from them, despite the tragic nature of the tale, because the narrator attempts to tell us how the characters felt, and does not show us as dramatically as O'Faolain does.

Study Questions

1. What effect does it have when the narrator asks questions, as he does at the beginning and end of the second paragraph?-- These questions give the reader a feeling that he is included in what is going on, that he and the narrator will decide together about the effect of confession on young children. The narrator seems to be speaking directly and personally to the reader.

2. How would the story be different if it were told by the narrator's young son? By the narrator as a young boy? By an omniscient narrator?-- The son could only tell his own feelings about the approaching confession--which would be rather vague--or relate what he had heard about his father's experience at confession, which he would be unable to understand fully. The father, too, could not have fully explored the implications of the experience had he told it as a young boy. An omniscient narrator could relate the meaning but could not give us the feeling of closeness to the situation the father does. So the father has distinct advantages as a narrator: he is involved in the situation but has the maturity necessary to analyze it.

3. The story is mostly about an experience the narrator had as a little boy; yet it begins and ends with remarks about his young son. Do these remarks have any importance in getting across the ideas presented by the whole story?-- The picture of the son gives a reason for telling the old story, leading to a feeling of

immediacy which would be lost if the whole were only a reminiscence. And we also see in him the freedom and innocence that are destroyed by the sense of sin which confession brings.

4. What is O'Faolain saying about the effect on young children of going to confession? Could this be expressed as well in a few direct sentences? What would be missing if it were told directly instead of in story form?-- We could be told that confession brings a destructive sense of sin to children, but the direct statement would be less interesting and would not show us what an innocent child is like, how he may feel about confession, and just what effect it may have on how he looks at the world.

5. Do you feel that the author tells you his thoughts here as directly as he did in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"? Why or why not?-- Since the narrator here is also a character, we cannot be entirely sure that he expresses the ideas of the author. Yet we do get the feeling that he is speaking to us directly, maturely, and reasonably, and we can see no flaws in his character which would make his opinions faulty. So since he analyzes the situation at least as much as did Harte's narrator, it would probably be incorrect to say that the first-person narration makes this story less direct.

3. Robert Browning, "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" (Immortal Poems, p. 400)

This poem is, despite, its title, a dramatic monologue, for we recognize that the monk who speaks is directing his curses at Brother Lawrence, who is working in his flowers. That the poem is dramatic indicates that we have to discover both who is speaking to whom, and what the character of the man is from what he says; in addition we are asked to make some judgment of the man's character. In a dramatic monologue, too, we recognize that the speaker is someone other than the real author--in this poem, that is obvious-- and the question is raised, is the speaker speaking for the author or must we approach him without this assurance? The answer to whether the dramatic situation makes a point other than that which is stated by the speaker must come, of course, from the content of the poem itself. We must be able to disassociate ourselves from the speaker to discover if his words are true. Here, the speaker is a separate individual or personality, who may or may not speak for the author. In poems such as "Thanatopsis," on the other hand, we recognize that the speaker is only a mask for the real author and probably speaks for him.

In the Browning poem, without disassociation from the speaker we would miss the irony of the entire situation: that the speaker's very attempt to damn Brother Lawrence's soul reveal his own sins and desires and damnation. The first stanza presents the reader with some of this information; it reveals not only the situation in the garden but also the hatred of the speaker for Lawrence and his sneering attitude toward the man who proves more pious than himself.

Stanzas two and three show that everything Lawrence does irks the narrator. Thus while dining, after greeting each other with Salve tibi (greetings to you), the speaker considers Lawrence's conversation about weather and crops, mere prattle. The speaker's line, "What's the Greek name for swine's snout?" reveal both his opinion of Lawrence and his own gross nature. The third stanza shows Lawrence's care for his dishes (the we being used to present ironically what the monk thinks is Lawrence's over-fussy attitude). The speaker again shows his own smallness when he laughs at Brother Lawrence breaking the stalk of one of his lilies.

The next two stanzas tell what the jealous monk thinks Lawrence's sins are. But the description of the girls on the river bank indicates the speaker's own lust, and the last line of stanza four indicates that Lawrence's passion is only imagined by the speaker. Stanza five details two of the little ceremonies the speaker performs to ward off the devil, rituals which Brother Lawrence fails to do: after eating he crosses his knife and fork in the form of the cross, and he drinks his orange juice in three sips, supposedly symbolic of the Trinity. This last ritual is intended to answer the Arian heresy, which says that Christ was not equal to God, that is, he was not a part of the Trinity, but instead was the first among created things. Our speaker is sure these little omissions will be blots on Lawrence's soul.

Stanza six goes rather illogically back to the flowers Lawrence is tending--indicating the disorder with which the speaker's hate bursts forth. That our speaker has made sure no melons will grow, by nipping off the buds which are ready to grow into fruit, is one more indication of how petty the speaker's vindictiveness is.

The next two stanzas and part of the last stanza are concerned with the various ways the speaker plans to catch Lawrence in sin and thus send him to hell. The Bible, he says, lists twenty-nine dangerous sins (though the text he is referring to is probably Galatians 5:19-21, which lists only seventeen). If Lawrence committed one of these sins and then died, his damnation would be as certain as a Manichee's (the Manichean religion combined Oriental and Christian ideas and was considered heresy by the medieval Church). One of the speaker's plans is to show Brother Lawrence his "scrofulous French novel," which is probably a piece of pornography. Again, of course, the point is that the speaker is sinning, in merely owning such a book. The first part of the eighth stanza suggests another way Lawrence can be damned--the speaker would actually sell his own soul to the devil to get back at Lawrence (keeping a loophole in his agreement which he thinks the devil would not see). "Hy, Zy, Hine. . . ," then, seems to be the beginning of an incantation to raise the devil, but the speaker is interrupted by the bells for evening prayers and so he mechanically begins his "Hail, Mary." But the last line shows his lack of reverence,, for he still swears at Brother Lawrence.

The basic rhetorical problem this poem raises is, how do we know to judge the speaker as hypocritical and near the damnation he wishes on Brother Lawrence? This interpretation comes first of all from the reader's recognition of contradictions between what the monk condemns in Lawrence and what he does himself. Second, we can find no substantial reason for his hatred of Lawrence; at least he states none that are satisfactory.

Because there is little to sympathize with in the character of the speaker the effect of this poem becomes satirical, both of the speaking monk and of the view of religion which can be used so hypocritically. It is clear this particular rhetorical effect of unknowing self-irony on the part of the speaker would not be possible without the dramatic situation, for this leaves the reader free to object to what is said. If we identified the speaker with the poet, we would then refuse to accept what the poet says; here, clearly, the poet is on our side laughing with us at the jealous monk.

Study Questions

1. Does the poem tell you more about the sins of Brother Lawrence or of the speaker himself?-- We really don't know whether Brother Lawrence is sinful or not, since we see him only through the eyes of the narrator, who certainly cannot be trusted to be a reliable reporter. The point of the poem is the irony of the narrator's sinning in expressing his hatred of Brother Lawrence and his wish to trap him into damnation.

2. Do you feel closer to the narrator of "Innocence" or of "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"? What causes the difference? -- We tend to feel much less close to the narrator here because he does not speak to us directly and because he blindly shows us what a monstrous man he is. O'Faolain wanted us to analyze his narrator from a distance, seeing the situation more deeply than he does himself.

3. In "Innocence," you saw that, although the narrator was not the author, he probably expressed much the same feelings as the author would have about confession. Does it seem likely that the "Soliloquy" narrator's feelings are those of the author? Why or why not?-- As was implied in the previous question, Browning is purposely presenting a character who is obviously wrong in his judgment. The point is not to agree with him but to analyze his character and the error it leads him into.

4. If Browning is not expressing his own opinions through the narrator here, what purpose does the poem serve?-- The poem shows us how a particular type of person thinks; it is a character study. If students insist on having a more pragmatic answer, you could say that studying the poem would help a reader understand such people in real life. It also happens to be a very amusing poem.

5. Are the ideas in "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" more or less directly expressed than those of "Innocence"? What makes you think so? Could they as easily be put into one or two direct sentences?-- Obviously the poem does not directly express any of the ideas it is intended to put across, since it is entirely narrated by a man who judges the situation wrongly. It is also less direct because of the subjectivity of the concepts presented, which could not be neatly stated in a few sentences upon which most readers would agree.

4. Nelson Algren, "A Bottle of Milk for Mother" (Short Story Masterpieces, p. 28)

As in Browning's poem, we get from this story only a dramatic incident with no authorial commentary to aid in interpretation. Here, of course, the story is presented objectively in the third person, rather than by one of the people involved. But we must still pay attention to the many details of the story to discover any pattern or intent in the tale. And, again, we must decide how the audience is supposed to be affected by it all.

The story tells only of the verbal sparring between "Lefty" Bicek, a member of a street gang, and Kozak, the police captain who is trying to get a confession out of Lefty about the mugging and murder of a drunk in one of the neighborhoods of Chicago. One principal characteristic of the story is its use of realistic detail that fully describes both the men present in the room and the reactions of the men to the confession Lefty eventually makes. The story presents these details, as well as information about Lefty's background in a Polish emigrant neighborhood, so that the reader understands the environment of the incident and perhaps, also, some of Lefty's motivation. The story is, in other words, naturalistic for it searches for environmental factors which cause the crime and influence the confession.

There is a great deal of such detail in the story. Algren takes care to use the proper language of the streets, including "jackroller" and "mollbuzzers"; he presents a detailed physical description of each man; and he repeats every word of the almost casual conversation, allowing us to discover the nuances of the subtle sparring back and forth between Kozak and Lefty as the policeman drags the confession out of the boy. One example of such use of detail is seen in the various changes and contradictions that occur in Lefty's story about mugging the drunk, when the boy gives two or three reasons for shooting the man. (p. 34). Second, the boy's pride in what he has done is also suggested, as when he speaks of his knife as "his own double-edged double-jointed spring-blade cuts-all genuine Filipino twisty-handled all-American gut-ripper," a description that combines the manufacturer's selling spiel and the boy's own self-image. It is clear he is proud of his crime because he feels it is proof of his manhood (p. 34), and he stresses the fact that he acted alone (p. 35). Related to this is his pride in his physical build, indicated when he talks about boxing (p. 37), and also at the end (p. 42) when he tries to make sure the reporter says the right things about him. Third, he is terribly afraid of being ignored by the men in the room, feeling that they consider his accomplishment unimportant. This fear, which conflicts with the boy's pride, is shown on pp. 35 and 43 when his voice trembles and his body shakes. Still other realistic touches are the occasional idle thoughts which flit through the boy's head--such as those about the future (p. 36) and about his boxing career (p. 39), both of which are ironic in light of the certain punishment for his crime.

The social background of the boy is also carefully explained, partly perhaps as justification of the boy's act. Such little incidents as the boy's attempts to awe the policeman by mentioning the alderman, (pp. 31 and 41), and his attempt to find a legal slip in the conduct of the questioning (p. 34), show the boy knows something about how the law really works. And clearly, he gained this knowledge because of the conditions he has always lived in, where the police were his natural enemy. The reporter, whose lurid headlines will misrepresent the case (p. 35) and Officer Adamovitch, who takes pride in the fact that he is a high-class Polak, and not a low-class Polak whose name ends in -owski (p. 39), present further pictures of the boy's society. The boy is clearly enough a product of his environment and thus, when Adamovitch says the boy feels no guilt (p. 44), he is right: yet we feel this is not really the fault of the boy himself, but of the society in which he has lived.

The same question asked about Browning's poem is raised here--do we sympathize with or condemn the main character? The quotation from Walt Whitman at the beginning of the story gives us some indication of our expected reaction, for Whitman speaks of complete identification of himself with all people, including the lower classes and such people as convicts and prostitutes. If we apply this to ourselves as readers, it entails, in addition to our sympathetic response, a recognition of our responsibility for these people and for the circumstances which created them. Then, too, the objective point of view from which the story is told perhaps indicate that we should take a position in which we do not condemn, realizing the boy is amoral, not immoral, since he knows no guilt. Because he does not recognize his crime, he perhaps cannot be blamed for it.

Such a position is not a normal one for readers to take; we usually condemn murderers or juvenile delinquents readily; yet clearly this story suspends judgment. It is only through recognition of the rhetorical techniques the author uses that we can see this, for a more subjective narrator would necessarily sway us one way or the other.

Study Questions

1. What effect does the opening quotation from Whitman have on your attitude toward what happens in the story?-- The quotation suggests that the author does not want us to condemn Lefty, to whom crime is so much a way of life that he sees no wrong in it and feels no guilt. It is evidently Lefty's background, and not the boy himself, which is at fault.

2. The story is mainly about the crime, the reactions of Lefty and the police to it, and the suggestions of what social conditions caused it. Then what purposes are served by the mention of the head-shaving fad, of Lefty's boxing accomplishments, and of Adamovitch's opinions about low and high class Poles?-- Such details serve to show the reader the sort of background which led Lefty into a life of crime.

3. Describe the point of view from which the story is told. What effect does it have on your reaction to the story? How would your reaction be different if it were told by an omniscient narrator who expressed opinions? By Lefty in first person? By Captain Kozak?-- The story

is told in third person by an objective narrator who does not analyze the situation. He enters into the mind of Lefty and occasionally gives us thoughts of other characters. Through his objectivity, he is able to show us how faultless Lefty is, an idea we might object to being told. If Lefty were to tell the story, we would get only a bragging, inaccurate narrative, without the valuable picture of his external reactions. If, on the other hand, Kozak told it, we would know none of Lefty's internal reactions and would get less objective information on his background.

4. Like "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," this story is told in the third person. Are there any differences in the type of information and analysis the two third-person narrators give you? If so, what effects do these differences have on how you react to the stories? -- The narrator of "Outcasts of Poker Flat" analyzes and comments on the action, much more directly forming our thoughts about it. Algren's narrator forms the reader's opinion more subtly, through his selection and arrangement of detail rather than through comments on that detail.

5. The only opinion about the crime which the story directly expresses is Lefty's. Is this the opinion the reader is expected to take? -- As in the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," here the reader is obviously supposed to form his own opinion about the situation instead of accepting the one a character gives him.

6. If no opinion about this crime or about crime in general is expressed by the narrator, what purpose does the story serve? Could the ideas it presents be expressed as well in a few direct sentences? -- Again the story presents a character for the reader to study, leading him to an opinion not only about how one type of person thinks and acts, as in "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," but also about how society influences his thoughts and actions.

Summary Questions

1. What is meant by the term "imagined world"? -- Students should understand by now that an "imagined world" is the world in which a piece of literature takes place, whether or not it is realistic.

2. What can an author do to make you feel as if the imagined world of his story is like your own real world? -- Numerous devices can make an imagined world seem realistic--characters can, like Giovanni, be much like us; we can be shown how they think and feel, as with Darling; we can be shown an imagined world in which many details of what peopl do and where are like our own, as in "The Eighty-Yard Run."

3. Can a story which takes place in an unrealistic world tell you anything about what goes on in the real world? -- Obviously the answer is yes. An author of an unrealistic story such as "Rappaccini's Daughter" is usually making a point about the way real people are.

4. What advantages does direct presentation have over indirect presentation? -- Direct presentation is obviously cleaner and more economical.

5. What kinds of ideas can better be presented dramatically than directly?-- Dramatic presentation often works better for ideas which the reader may object to if they are stated directly but which he will be more likely to accept if situations in which they are true are presented to him. And presentation must be somewhat indirect for ideas which cannot be clearly stated directly--the idea, for example, that "after pain a formal feeling comes."

6. Decide whether you would use direct presentation, indirect presentation, or some sort of combination of the two to communicate each of the following:
   a. You want to show that a boy born into poverty can, under some circumstances, become wealthy.
   b. You want to tell your audience that in 1964 there were 5.7 deaths in automobile accidents for every million miles travelled by cars, as compared with 5.4 in 1963 and 5.3 in 1962.
   c. You are writing up the results of a survey on how often high-school dropouts come from disadvantaged backgrounds or divided families.
   d. You are trying to convince legislators that funds to raise the living standards of poor families with young children will help prevent those children from dropping out of high school.
   e. You want to show what effects the separation of his parents might have on the mind of a high school boy, and how these effects could lead to his dropping out of school.

   --The point of the question is not to come up with right answers but to discuss various possibilities, leading to a deeper understanding of the advantages and disadvantages of the two types of presentation. Obviously direct presentation would be best in (b) and (c). At least partially dramatic presentation would probably be better in (a) and (e). For (d), one might use either, or perhaps statistics combined with case-studies to illustrate the point.

7. What are the advantages and disadvantages of including some direct comment in a story, as Harte did in "The Outcast of Poker Flat," instead of making it entirely dramatic, like "A Bottle of Milk for Mother"? -- The advantages, as with any use of direct presentation, are clarity and economy. But some idea may be too subjective to be presented in this way, and the reader may feel that an idea is forced upon him when the author directly tells him how he is to think about an event.

NOTE:

It would seem particularly useful in this unit for the student to attempt various treatments of the same idea, thus discovering what different rhetorical approaches will do to that idea. We suggest that at the beginning of the unit the student choose or be assigned some idea with which to work as the unit progresses. Perhaps the best ideas would simply be common proverbs, like Dickinson's idea that success is counted sweetest by those that never succeed. Thus, the student could choose as his idea something like one of the following:

Haste makes waste.
Time destroys all things.
As the twig is bent so grows the tree.
Man is not a reasonable animal.
Crime does not pay.

The idea may be anything of the sort, as long as it can be readily developed into a story and an essay.

Several treatments of this idea would help make the problems involved in a study of the rhetoric of literature more apparent. The first writing assignment would be merely to develop this idea into a logical essay, which demands proof. Once the concept of the imagined world is understood, a sketch of a dramatic incident, either fantastic or realistic or both, which would have the student's idea as its major theme could be developed. An assignment to be mad in conjunction with part two of this unit would be to develop the student's idea in one of the forms studied here-a poem like Dickinson's, involving both direct statement and dramatic incident, or a fable or parable. A third possible assignment would be to develop the idea into a complete story, modeled after the techniques of Shaw or Harte or O'Faolain. Finally, the student could be asked to present the idea in a totally dramatic form, as a dramatic monologue or a short play or an objective narration like Algren's. The student should be able to show he is aware of how much he has mixed the direct and the dramatized modes as these assignments progress.

You may wish to ask the student to develop several plots which would present his idea in different ways, one with a highly didactic tone, one with an ironic or satiric undercutting of the idea, etc.--all this would depend on the student's ability, of course. The possibilities for variation of such a continuing assignment are many, and you may want to let the student choose his own course.

You may not wish to present such a complicated series of assignments, but even in a shorter form, such a continuing assignment is well worthwhile. It will illustrate to the student that his first conception of an idea may change as he tries to develop it into a dramatic situation, and that getting the reader to come up with the idea the author wants him to have is not easy and requires considerable manipulation of the material.

Writing Assignments

Part I

1. Write a plot outline for a story which would present the same ideas as "Rappaccini's Daughter" in a more realistic and contemporary setting. What are the advantages and disadvantages of the greater realism? Write out the whole story if you wish.

2. Write two additional sections to fit into "The Eighty-Yard Run," showing in greater detail what happened to Darling after the stock market crash, and how he reacted when he was offered the job as a suit salesman. Do

your additions in any way help to get across the idea Shaw is presenting? Do they serve any other purpose in the story?

Part II

1. Write an essay on one of the following poems in Immortal Poems, showing how much use of direct statement or dramatic incident is involved, perhaps deciding whether the poem satisfactorily establishes its main point.
    "It Is Not Growing Like a Tree"--p. 79
    "Wonder"--p. 154
    "To a Mouse"--p. 241
    "The River of Life"--p. 288
    "Fable"--p. 347
    "The Chambered Nautilus"--p. 397
    "Grass"--p. 420
    "Before the Beginning of Years"--p. 450
    "Invictus"--p. 475
    "The Leaden-Eyed"--p. 514
    "Poetry"--p. 533
    "The Slaughter-House"--p. 590

2. Rewrite "The Parable of the Unmerciful Servant" or "Hap," using more direct statement. Is naything lost in the rewriting? Is anything gained?

Part III

1. Write an essay on one of the following stories in Short Story Masterpieces, showing how much use of direct statement or dramatic incident is involved and how each functions in getting across the main ideas of the story:

    "The Boarding House"--p. 231
    "Virga Vay and Allan Cedar"--p. 270
    "My Oedipus Complex"--p. 350
    "The Nightingales Sing"--p. 368
    "The Use of Force"--p. 538

2. Add a few lines of direct statement to "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister." In what ways does the addition add to or detract from the total effect?

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OREGON CURRICULUM STUDY CENTER

THE PERSONAL VOICE

THE RHETORIC OF LITERATURE

Rhetoric Curriculum VI
Student Version

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STUDENT VERSION

Rhetoric Curriculum VI
Unit III

THE PERSONAL VOICE

LESSON I: A Personal Style

Would you say that each of the following sentences has essentially the same meaning?

1) Wedlock is a padlock.

2) The ceremony, or the state, of marriage is a detachable, portable lock having a shackle adapted to be opened for engagement through a staple or chain.

3) In marriage, a man and woman are bound together legally, socially, and spiritually.

You will need to give careful reasons for your answers. After all, the second sentence reproduces, by two dictionary definitions, the literal meanings of "wedlock" and "padlock." It is the sort of exact translation a computer might make of the first sentence. Does the third sentence say the same thing as the first? It might be argued that what is said in each sentence is substantially the same, and yet is not the same, a confusing conclusion at best unless we look beyond what is said to how it is said.

You already know something about the analysis of style in writing, and should be able to point out differences in these three sentences which arise from word choice, sentence structure, and figurative speech. But such considerations will take you only part of the way in determining the suitability and purpose of different styles of writing and, eventually, in deciding how you want to write in certain situations with different kinds of material. Style is more than mechanics. It is the personal, or sometimes, even, the impersonal voice of the writer. Look again at these first three sentences.

1. What might have been the intentions of the writers of each of the sentences?

2. How do the sentences differ in choice of words? Sentence structure? Use of parallelism? Figures of speech and imagery?

3. Which sentence seems to be humorous? How can you tell?

4. Are you justified in saying that any one of these sentences is more accurate than the others? How must you qualify your answer?

5. Which statement is most interesting? Why?

6. It has already been suggested that sentence two might have been rendered by a computer. In what sort of contexts might you find the other two sentences? For example, imagine that sentences one and three are the opening lines of two different essays. Try to write a first paragraph for these two hypothetical essays.

If a girl were to appear in class today dressed in the manner of Queen Victoria, you might say that she was dressed in the Victorian style, but you would probably not call her stylish. On the other hand, if she were dressed much like the other girls in the class, you might say that she was in style, but not necessarily that she was stylish. And finally, if her clothes reflected contemporary taste, were appropriate for the situation, and yet showed the influence of her own personality in some way, you might well say that she had a great deal of style. We use the word style, and its derivatives, in similar but varying ways, each of which shows a slight but significant change in meaning.

Similarly, in your own writing you will probably not want to imitate Victorian or medieval prose. You will want to write in a way which is both appropriate and natural to your time and situation. Moreover, you don't want simply to turn out writing which is flawless enough, technically, but a copybook rendering of speech which might be anyone's, nowadays, in any situation. Nor is elegance your particular aim. Formal suits and black dresses for every day would be as dull as the written style of form letters for all occasions. A persuasive speech, a letter to the editor, an essay on a trip to the beach, a short story, a book review, or a thank you letter to your aunt Charlotte--none of these things would be written in exactly the same style, and yet each might reflect your own individual style.

How do you want to write? A good way to start finding out is to look at some things other writers have done. How does a writer let you know what he thinks about his subject? How do different writers treat the same subject in varying ways? Before going on to the longer examples, look briefly at the following:

1. Wedlock is a padlock.
2. Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
3. When a man meets his fitting mate, society begins.
4. Marriages are made in Heaven.
5. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife.

Is it possible to say anything new about marriage? Maybe not. It is certainly an old topic. And yet somehow writers manage to go on expressing their ideas on the subject in different ways. The above sentences might be termed aphorisms, adages, maxims, proverbs, or simply "old sayings." What stylistic characteristics do they have in common? Do you think it would be possible to write an entire essay in the aphoristic style? Try writing several sentences of continuous thought in this style. Why is it difficult? To what purpose might a writer put this style of writing.

Perhaps the closest anyone comes to expressing himself continuously in an aphoristic style is the comedian who rattles off a series of "gag lines" on one central subject. Each one is self-contained, in its way the last word on the subject. Each makes its point immediately, succinctly. Each probably calls up some vivid illustration, and may depend on some play of words.

But each of these above sentences also clearly indicates an individual attitude behind the statement. What is the personal style which conveys this attitude? Why is one statement appropriate for one sort of feeling and not for the next? For example:

1. Which examples are humorous? How do your know?
2. What do the words "fitting mate" in example 3 suggest? Why not "suitable wife"?
3. How does the arrangement of the sentence add to the sense in any of the examples?
4. How do stylistic differences give different meanings to examples two and four? For example, could you substitute the words "Fate" or by "divine intervention" for "destiny"? For "in Heaven"?
5. Write a brief statement, one sentence if possible, expressing the attitude of each of the five writers toward marriage. Be prepared to justify your answers by pointing out stylistic characteristics of each of the sentences.

LESSON II: A Personal Style May Be Open to Criticism

The following are selections from works by two different writers. The first is the opening paragraph from a novel by Jack Kerouac called On the Road. The second is the opening paragraph from a short piece by John Updike called "On the Sidewalk." Read the Kerouac selection first, and try to describe, briefly, the style of his writing, before you go on to the second selection.

(For text, see On The Road by John Kerouac, Viking Press, New York, 1957.)

1. Choose several terms which you feel describe Kerouac's style, and explain the reasons for your choices. For example, is Kerouac's narrative terse or extravagant? Is it decisive or dreamy? Is his language ordinary or unusual? What do you mean by the words you choose to describe his style?
2. How does the style of this selection reflect the subject? How does the narrator seem to feel about his subject? What sort of reaction is he trying to arouse in his reader? How does the narrator differ from Dean Moriarty?
3. Try to select certain special features of Kerouac's style in this selection. For example, there is the conversational tone of the paragraph. It suggests someone talking to a sympathetic listener rather than writing to an unknown audience. Notice how many intimate details about himself the narrator reveals immediately; a person doesn't give out this sort of private information about himself unless he's among old friends. So the tone is informal, almost intimate. (Find examples of this intimate tone.)

   The sentences average about 25 words in length, slightly longer than the average of most fiction writers today, but these sentences are not tightly constructed. Elements are added to the main clauses, in "right-branching" fashion, usually. Note the many words in the selection which apply to personal feelings. (Find examples.) Does the narrator seem to record life realistically, as a camera would see it, or do his feelings color his impressions? (Find words in the selection which support your choice.) What can you tell about the style by the use of these words: "taking off," "guy," "Carlo," "Nietzsche," "jailkid," "shrouded in mystery"? What words are associated with Dean Moriarty? What words are associated with the narrator?

Now read the following and compare the style used by Updike to that of Kerouac:

(For text, see "On the Sidewalk," by John Updike, from Parodies, ed. Dwight Macdonald, New York: Random House, 1960; pp. 270-273.)

1. What characteristics of Kerouac's style has Updike adopted? Consider particularly unusual word choices, sentence structures, or distinctive aspects of tone. How has Updike tried to reflect Kerouac's general philosophy of life, as revealed in the first selection?
2. Would you say that the style of Updike's writing is the same as that of Kerouac? How or how not?
3. How do you know that Updike is writing a parody rather than a serious imitation? What are the stylistic characteristics of parody? You should be able to tell from these selections without going to another source.
4. How do you think Updike feels about Kerouac's writing? How does the style of "On the Sidewalk" tell you this?
5. Try to write a stylistic parody of your own. You may choose a selection from some well-known writer's work, or some particular type of writing, such as an advertisement, a crank letter to a newspaper, a society page wedding notice, and so on, but be sure to have a specific example in mind. You will first need to analyze the style of the original. Then decide how you feel about it and which characteristics you wish to satirize. Your parody should indicate how you feel about the style of the original. Is it a matter of obscurity, bombast, double-talk, foolishness, inappropriateness, or what, which is the aim of your parody?

Here are two samples of paroides to get you started thinking, one in prose and the other in poetry. (You may write a verse parody instead of a prose parody if you wish.)

(For text, see "The Gettysburg Address in Eisenhowese" by Oliver Jensen from Parodies, ibid., pp. 447-448.)

(For text, see "Ravin's of Piute Poet Poe" by C. L. Edson in The Antic Muse: American Writers in Parody, ed. Robert P. Falk, New York, Grove Press, 1956; pp. 103-104.)

LESSON III: An Appropriate Personal Style

Someone has said that style is the establishment of a perfect mutual understanding between the worker and his material. How does this apply to activities other than writing, such as sculpture, architecture, dress-making, automobile designing, cooking? As you examined the selections by Kerouac and Updike you may have felt that what Updike saw in Kerouac's On the Road was a lack of understanding between the writer and his material. Updike's parody picked out, and made ridiculous, those characteristics of Kerouac's writing which seemed to Updike to be pretentious or silly, that is, inappropriate to the subject at hand.

Finding good style, then, is not merely a matter of deciding how one feels about one's material, or what one wants to say about it. In determining the best style in any case, the writer must concern himself not only with what he want to say, how he feels about it, but also with the situation and audience for which he is writing, and the form in which he writes. (Kerouac might reply to Updike that he (Updike) was not the sort of reader that On the Road was written for.) As you read various authors writing on the same or a similar subject, you will come to realize that finding a subject is only the beginning in writing anything. Read the following examples and try to decide what factors have determined the style in which a selection is written.

1. The commonest [of nervous habits in children around 8, 9, and 10] is stepping over cracks in the sidewalk. There's no sense to it, you just have a superstitious feeling that you ought to. It's what a pyschiatrist calls a compulsion.

   --Baby and Child Care, Dr. Benjamin Spock--
2. Step on a crack you'll break your mother's back.
3. It is not a taboo to say, "Do not put your hand in the fire"; it is a rule of common sense, because the forbidden action entails a real, not an imaginary evil. . . . those negative precepts which we call taboos are just as vain and futile as those positive precepts which we call sorcery.

   --The Golden Bough, Sir James. G. Frazer--
4. But all obsessional patients are given to repetitions, to isolating certain of their actions and to rhythmic performances. Most of them wash too much. Those patients who suffer from agoraphobia (topophobia, fear of space), no longer reckoned as an obsessional neurosis but now classified as anxiety-hysteria, reproduce the same features of the pathological picture often with fatiguing monotony.

   --A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud--
5. After I have started a novel I write a chapter each day, without ever missing a day. . . . If, for example, I am ill for forty-eight hours, I have to throw away the previous chapters. And I never return to that novel.

   --Writers at Work, ed. Malcolm Cowley--

All of these examples deal in some way with compulsive behavior, but in each case the writer has expressed his idea in a different way. Is it possible to say that the style of any of these examples is better than that of the others? Why or why not? Decide what sort of audience might have been intended for each, what sort of relationship the writer has with his subject, and what the general purpose of the selection is. Point out stylistic differences to illustrate your opinions.

6. [The lungfish is] any of various fishes (order Dipneusti or Cladista) that breathe by a modified air bladder as well as gills.
   --Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary--
7. Four hundred million years ago they were the cream of life, lords of creation; pioneers in a new way of living, escaping the threat of death that lurks in droughts, stagnant pools, poisoned waters, through breathing air by means of their newly invented lungs.
   --Kamongo, or the Lungfish and the Padre, Homer W. Smith--

Each of these two selections answers differently the question, "What is a lungfish"? Which is the more objective answer? Why would number 7 be unsuitable as a dictionary definition? In what sort of writing would number 7 be more appropriate than number 6? If we call one of these an objective definition, and the other a subjective definition, what do we mean by "objective" and "subjective" in terms of the style in which each is written?

8. Once again the . . . taxpayer is being subjected to another of those proposals that will cost him "only a few cents per week" or a "very nominal amount per month," all providing of course that he is a typical homeowner with an average assessment.
9. Shall the City of ____________, borrow the sum of $375,000.00, and issue its general obligation bonds therefore, for the purpose of defraying the cost of construction and equipping a public swimming pool and necessary structures in connection therewith?

One of these selections is taken from a letter written to a newspaper on the subject of a proposed municipal swimming pool. The other is the ballot proposal itself. How does the style of each tell you which is the letter and which the proposal? Why does the writer in example number 8 place certain words within quotation marks? Do you think this is an effective stylistic device? What does the writer imply by his use of the words "Once again," "subjected," and "of course"? Does the style of his letter seem appropriate and convincing? Why or why not?

10. The religions of ancient Greece and Rome are extinct. The so-called divinities of Olympus have not a single worshipper among living men. They belong now not to the department of theology, but to those of literature and taste.
    --Bulfinch's Mythology, abr. by Edmund Fuller--
11. When the stories were being shaped, we are given to understand, little distinction had as yet been made between the real and unreal. The imagination was vividly alive and not checked by the reason, so that anyone in the woods might see through the trees a fleeing nymph. . .
    --Mythology, Edith Hamilton--
12. If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none.
    --R. W. Emerson--

To be sure that you understand what each of these three writers is saying, write a paraphrase, one that is as objective as possible, of each of the selections. In your paraphrase, try to avoid highly connotative words, or expressions of your own or the writer's personal feelings about the subject. In short, try to discover the bare bones of each of these pieces. In paraphrase, are the statements more like each other than in the originals?

These dozen brief examples were intended for audiences both popular and learned. The writers include a psychiatrist delivering lectures, a doctor advising parents how to handle their children, a scientist writing a book of rather "scientific" fiction, an author of fiction giving an informal interview about his own work, philosophers, lawmakers, and a citizen of a community speaking to his fellow citizens. From these and the previous examples in this unit, you should be able to formulate a rough outline of those factors which determine the style in which one writes. You might use the headings, Subject, Speaker, and Audience, and a fourth, Purpose, depending on the relationship between the other three, or equivalent headings of your own choosing, to arrive at your decision of how to treat any particular subject.

For example, suppose you wish to write an editorial for a school paper on the subject of bad sportsmanship at basketball games. Such a topic is probably not unfamiliar to students. How can you present it most effectively? You might analyze your proposed editorial in the following manner:

SUBJECT: Bad sportsmanship at school basketball games.

Example: a fight between students outside the gym after the game.

SPEAKER: Yourself, a student, with a certain involvement in the subject.

AUDIENCE: Your fellow students, who have already been warned by teachers school administrators, parents, maybe even the city police, that their conduct may lead to disciplinary action.

PURPOSE: To convince your fellow students that it is to their best interests to observe good sportsmanship.

What are some possibilities open to you in writing your editorial? How do you make it as effective as possible? You may make your editorial humorous or serious. A humorous editorial would probably be satirical rather than simply funny. Satire has long been used as an instrument of social criticism. You might describe the post-game fight in mock-heroic terms, as if it were an earth-shaking battle, in an attempt to make the participants feel foolish. Exaggeration would play an important part in such an editorial.

On the other hand, you might feel that students would not react well to ridicule by one of their peers. A serious approach might be better. But students have already been scolded by various officials. Would it be wise for you to adopt the attitude of a superior, speaking in an official capacity, as one who is above bad sportsmanship? An intimate student-to-student talk might be more desirable. You use simple language, with a conversational, friendly tone. You say you understand, that it is difficult to maintain good sportsmanship in the face of continuous heckling from the other team, but as,a matter of pride it would be better to do so.

Or you might consider yourself an objective, informed source. You may want to present a factual account of the serious results of bad sportsmanship: injuries or possible injuries to students; possibility of student suspensions; loss of enjoyment in the sports themselves; damage to property and needless expenses incurred. You choose objective language, and concentrate on the facts.

You might decide that the incidents are caused by a minority of the students, and that you, as a student, are tired of being bawled out by townspeople and school administrators for the bad behavior of others. In this case, your editorial might be a demand for students to apply social pressure to those among them who insist on setting a bad example.

Or you might choose an entirely different target for your editorial, deciding that a small incident has been blown up entirely out of proportion by poorly informed parents or teachers. In this case, again, you might wish to use a humorous or satirical approach, supposedly aimed at an audience other than the students, but reminding your fellow students that you all must be indulgent of adults who, after all, are bound to be misinformed, hysterical, and forgetful of their own youth. You say, give dad a break instead of a heart attack by not coming home with a bloody nose next Saturday night.

On the other hand, if you are a student addressing some sort of adult, group, taking part in a student radio program perhaps, on this same subject, the question of audience would certainly cause you to use a different style of address than in any of the above suggestions. And in all these cases, language, sentence structure, illustrations, figures of speech, all elements of style, would be affected by your conception of your subject, yourself, and your audience. The important thing is that you do form some sort of estimation of an appropriate style for your purpose. A football coach would probably not use his locker-room manner in addressing the girls' pep club or the PTA. A student who writes everything in the manner which is considered "good fun" by his friends would probably not be taken seriously by all the audiences for which he might write, whether his writing is done on an exam or in a letter asking for a summer job. If he doesn't bother to cultivate more than one "voice", the voice he does have may turn out to sound like a dull monotone.

1. Look again at each of the twelve examples in this unit and try to determine, as nearly as possible, what Subject, Speaker, Audience and Purpose are for each. Point to specific stylistic evidence for your conclusions. Whenever appropriate, make comparisons between the examples. For example, in the first selection the writer defines compulsion. In the fourth, the writer defines "agoraphobia". How do differences in these definitions show something about the writers or their purposes? Do you think it is speaker or audience which primarily determines the difference in this case?

2. Choose at least two of the following topics and present an analysis of the style of a projected essay on the topic, in terms of subject, speaker, audience, and purpose. Then write a short essay in which you carry out your analysis of one of the topics.
   a. Students should or should not attend school twelve months a year.
   b. Student counseling services in the high schools should be extended.
   c. Students should be allowed to progress through public schools according to their abilities rather than year by year in age groups.
   d. There is no time like the present.
   e. Parents should be given greater opportunity to participate in their children's school activities.
   f. Competitive sports for girls should be encouraged more than they are.
   g. The word "teenager" has come to mean something more than a person between the ages of twelve and twenty.
   h. I am the most important person I know.
   i. Students should wear uniforms to school.
   j. What do you do on a Saturday night?

LESSON IV: The Personal Record

All writing is some sort of record. News stories record events. Letters record personal communication or business transactions. Scholars of ancient civilizations work for years to decipher unknown script so that they can read what may be a record of supply lists--so many jars of olive oil, so many swords, so many bushels of grain. Society values its written records, as we see from the many books preserved in libraries, the old manuscripts that monks or scribes once copied out laboriously by hand. The value placed on the written record is seen conversely in the way in which, in wars, invaders bent on destroying a society destroy its books and libraries; and political dictatorship is almost synonymous with dictatorial control of the press.

It is not only stories, facts, and ideas which are recorded in writing, however. When you write, you make a record of your subject and of things about yourself as well. Very simply, you may be recording how well you spell, or at least how well you use a dictionary. You are recording something about your own personality and your own imagination. Someone may be able to tell from your writing whether you are a thoughtful, sensible, or interesting person, whether you think for yourself or follow patterns of conventional thought. Of course your writing may not do justice to you. Someone who is inexperienced in writing may find it difficult to express in an essay what he can communicate in conversation. He may have a hard time finding a written equivalent for his gestures, his facial expressions and the tone of his voice. And yet there is probably some correlation between how well a person expresses himself in speaking and how well he does so in writing. When you try to write, you may discover something about yourself, not only how well you write, but also what you think about things, what interests you, the nature of your experiences and how logical or well-ordered your thoughts are. Putting your experiences into writing causes you to take a close look at them. Hours and days which slide by, shapeless, quickly forgotten, take on form and meaning when you sift through them to find things worth writing about.

No doubt this is the reason so many people have kept diaries or journals. Writers record ideas which may be later reworked into stories, poems, or essays. Historians make note of passing events. Journalists take the raw data of daily life and shape it into coherence for a public which otherwise would have little idea of events in the world about them. Tourists keep diaries for their own pleasure, so that later they may review the many sights and experiences of their travel, and remember them at leisure when the rush of traveling is past. Sometimes such records are of interest only to the writer. Sometimes, because the record has historical interest, because it is particularly well written, or gives biographical information about some important figure, it may assume a place among other works of literature which have lasting and widespread interest.

A diary need not be what the term often suggests, a bound book with small, regular divisions for each day of the year, in which one records what he ate for dinner, who he went out with that weekend and the name of the movie they saw. It istempting to think that if you own such a diary, with a regular space for each day, you will keep it regularly just to avoid leaving a lot of blank spots at the end of the year, but this does not necessarily mean that it will be a "good" diary.

It is probably more interesting and useful simply to have some sort of notebook, bound or looseleaf, in which the diarist can make his own divisions, writing as much as he feels like on one day, and just a sentence or nothing on another.

Remember, a journal need not be limited to a record of what you do each day. In fact, it will probably be more interesting if you broaden its possibilities; what you think is probably more important and interesting than what you do. Commonplace book is a term that has been used to describe a book in which someone writes down excerpts of other people's writings which he wants to remember, ideas of his own, a note for something to write later, and so on. It is really a written scrapbook, in which you keep not only pictures of yourself but of all sorts of things that seem worth remembering.

Of course a real diary or commonplace book can be an undertaking for years, but for this class it would be a good idea to try to keep such a record for at least two weeks. This should not be an intimate record, but rather something you could share with others, your teacher or classmates. Or it should be something from which you could take material for later essays.

For example, here are some suggestions for hypothetical entries in a commonplace book.

Sun: The "Peanuts" comic today reminds you of your brother. Tell why. Say there's something you don't (or do) like about Sunday evenings, expecially rainy Sunday evenings. Aunt and Uncle were over for dinner. How can they keep saying how you've grown when you see them once a week?

Mon: You got your biology exam back. Brief, vengeful character sketch of your biology teacher. What's wrong with multiple choice exams. Clipping from newspaper article--food shortage in India.

Tues: Stayed home with a cold. Describe the variety of medication your mother tries to give you for it. Your own prescription for the common cold.

Wed: Though you still have your cold, you go back to school to escape your mother's doctoring. Something wrong with the school bells: everyone got up and left biology 20 minutes early. Met a new student; his father is in the Air Force and he has lived in several foreign countries.

Thurs: Saw a 1942 movie on TV, about war-time college students.

Fri: A school holiday; you forgot and set your alarm, got up, dressed, and ready to go before you remembered. What do you do with an unexpected free morning? Basketball game that night. Your observations of the game and the spectators.

Sat: Bicycled with friends to the country. Mention some things you saw that you probably wouldn't have noticed from a car. Newspaper clipping: student demonstrators in South America. A few lines taken from a speech by the President. Friend dropped over and you listened to records, made popcorn, talked about other friends and what you want to do next summer.

Of course actual entries would be specific and somewhat detailed. But these examples are intended just to show you the sort of thing you might write in a commonplace book. Actually, just about anything you experience could be material for such a book. What you choose depends on your own assessment of your experience, what you find interesting or worth remembering. Viewpoints as well as events; speculations as well as facts; quotations as well as original statements; these are the things that will make up your commonplace book. Your teacher will decide how much use you will make of the commonplace book in class. The important thing, however, is to keep it regularly and with imagination, even if only for a couple of weeks, so that you can see what sort of material for writing your own experience offers.

There are many opportunities open to you for making a personal record: the formal means of diaries or journals; miscellaneous writing; letters; a record kept for a specific duration, such as a notebook kept during a trip. All of them offer the opportunity for self-discovery, what you may call "finding yourself". A personal record becomes a mirror of your mind and personality. And you may be surprised at what you see there.

To start you on your own record, here are some various selections from the journals or letters of others. Some have literary interest; some are historical; but all, for one reason or another, have found their way to publication, though most began as private and personal records.

You will particularly want to look at the style of each selection. In some cases, the work has been intended for the public. How does this affect the style of the writing? In some cases, we may guess that the writer had a listener in mind, although what he writes is supposedly a private journal. And some of these selections are obviously rough notes, but ones which provide material that might be later worked into a more finished form.

1. (For text, see Anne Frank The Diary of a Young Girl. Garden City, New York, Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1952; pp. 186-188.)

These words were written in the personal diary of a young Jewish girl, Anne Frank, who lived in Holland during the Second World War. During the Nazi occupation of Holland, Anne and her family with the other people mentioned in this excerpt were forced to hide in a secret apartment in a warehouse in the city of Amsterdam. Anne received the diary for her thirteenth birthday, shortly after which the Frank family went into hiding. Almost all the material, then, consists of accounts of their lives as they went on, limited to the few rooms of the secret annex. You might think that such a restricted life would offer little material for a diary, but Anne's writing is rich with her own thoughts, descriptions of characters and incidents in their small group, and thoughtful recording of what it was like to mature from a little girl to a young woman under those conditions. Shortly before the end of the war, the secret annex was discovered and all its occupants taken to concentration camps. Anne died of fever in a German concentration camp, before her sixteenth birthday. The diary was found by friends in the ransacked apartment, and returned to Anne's father, the only member of the family to survive the war. Since that time the diary has been published in twenty-two languages, in twenty countries, has sold millions of copies and has been made into a play and a movie.

At the beginning of her diary, Anne says that she wants to make it more than the setting down of "a series of bald facts" and so she gives the diary a name, Kitty, as if it were a friend she addresses. So far as you can see from this single entry, how does Anne succeed in making her diary more than a factual account? Besides the address, what stylistic devices does Anne use to give her diary an intimate, first-hand tone? How does she give her account a sense of immediacy? What is the effect of such expressions as "Ugh!" "Quite honestly," and "Oh, no." How does she manage to give humor to what might have been merely the complaining account of a teenager being subjected to an uncomfortable and restricted existence? Why does she give the remarks of the grown-ups in quotes? How does she distinguish, stylistically, between the personalities and reactions of the different grown-ups?*

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*Of course it must be remembered that this is a translation of Anne Frank's original diary, and that therefore there is another person between us and her. This person, the translator, has tried to reproduce the girl's feelings and thoughts as accurately as possible, but there may be some distortions in any translation, simply because it presents us with something other than the very words which the author wrote.

2. (For text, see "Journal," by Henry David Thoreau from Thoreau, Reporter of the Universe, ed. Bertha Stevens, New York, John Day Co., 1939; pp. 88, 96, 97.)

3. I do not understand where the 'beauty' and 'harmony' of nature are supposed to be found. Throughout the animal kingdom, animals ruthlessly prey upon each other. Most of them are either cruelly killed by other animals or slowly die of hunger.
--Bertrand Russell's Best, ed. Robert E. Egner--

Make some notes on these ideas in your own journal, and later develop these into an essay in which you take either the viewpoint of Thoreau or that of Russell, or one of your own which differs from theirs.

4. (For text, see American Poetry and Prose, ed. Norman Foerster. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 4th ed., 1957; pp. 100-101.)

5. (For text, see Ibid, pp. 106-107.)

6. (For text, see A Zoo in My Luggage by Gerald Durrell, New York, Viking Press, 1960; p. 5)

Excerpt number four is from the secret diary of William Byrd, an aristocrat and statesman of Virginia during the eighteenth century. This diary was written in shorthand form, presumably for the sake of privacy, and was not made public until 1941. Excerpt number five is from another diary by Byrd, this particular selection dealing with colonial life as he observed it in North Carolina. It is assumed that this diary was intended by its author for publication.

Compare the two selections and point out characteristics of each, ranging from subject matter to style, which show that one is a "private" record and the other a "public" one, although both have a distinctly personal character. There are humorous elements in each. Do you think that in one the humor may be unintentional and in the other it seems to be calculated? How do the differences in the humor of each bear out the "private" and "public" classifications? Select a portion of the private diary and rewrite it in the public style, omitting and altering details to carry out the revision.

Example number six is from A Zoo in My Luggage by Gerald Durrell, a contemporary zoologist who has written a number of books about his travels to various countries, collecting and studying wild animals. Durrell himself calls the book ". . . the chronicle of a six-month trip that my wife and I made to Bafut, a mountain grassland kingdom in the British Cameroons in West Africa. Our reason for going there was, to say the least, a trifle unusual. We wanted, quite simply, to collect our own zoo."

Although Durrell's book deals with observations and events of life in a particular place, much as Byrd's diaries do, he has gone a step further than either of Byrd's diaries in removing his observations from the diary or notebook form. Make some imaginary notes, such as Durrell might have made in a notebook or diary and later used to develop this excerpt. How does his account differ from what you might expect a diary, containing the same information, to be?

What sort of audience do you think Durrell has in mind? Point out stylistic characteristics to support your answer. What do we mean when we call his scientific writings "popular" rather than "technical"?

Again consider the terms "subjective" and "objective." Which applies to Byrd's account of life in North Carolina? To Durrell's account of wild animal care? Why? Rewrite each, briefly, in an objective style.

Describe the personal feelings of the writers in each of these selections. How do you know whether Byrd approves or disapproves of North Carolinians? What is his estimate of himself in dealing with his wife? Do you think that Durrell dislikes feeding the animals he captures?

Here is another selection for your consideration:

7.

Polombe
(Ch. XIX)

. . . toward the head of that forest is the city of Polombe. And above the city is a great mountain that is also clept Polombe. And from that mount the city hath its name.

And at the foot of that mount is a fair well and a great, that hath the odour and savour of all spices. And at every hour of the day it changeth his odour and his savour diversely. And whoso drinketh three times fasting of the water of that well is whole of all manner of sickness that he hath. And they that dwell there and drink often of that well they never have sickness; and they seem always young. I have drunk thereof three or four sithes, and yet, methinketh, I fare the better. Some men clepe it the well of youth. For they that often drink thereof seem always young-like, and live without sickness. And men say, that that well cometh out of Paradise, and therefore it is so virtuous. . . .

The Earth Is Round
(Ch. XXI)

In that land, ne in many other beyond that, no man may see the Star Transmontane, that is clept the Star of the Sea, that is unmovable and that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star. But men see another star, the contrary to him, that is toward the south, that is clept Antartic. And right as the ship-men take their advice here and govern them by the Lode-star, right so do ship-men beyond those parts by the star of the south; the which star appeareth not to us. And this star that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star, ne appeareth not to them. For which cause men may well perceive, that the land and the sea be of round shape and form; for the part of the firmament sheweth in one country that sheweth not in another country. And men may well prove by experience and subtle compassment of wit, that if a man found passages by ships that would go to search the world, men might go by ship all about the world and above and beneath. . . .

And therefore hath it befallen many times of one thing that I have heard counted when I was young, how a worthy man departed some-time from our countries for to go search the world. And so he passed Ind and the isles beyond Ind, where be more than 5000 isles. And so long he went by sea and land, and so environed the world by many seasons, that he found an isle where he heard speak his own language, calling on oxen in the plough, such words as men speak to beasts in his own country; whereof he had great marvel, for he knew not how it might be. But I say, that he had gone so long by land and by sea, that he had environed all the earth; that he was come again environing, that is to say, going about, unto his own marches, and if he would have passed further, till he had found his country and his own knowledge.

This is a selection from The Travels of Sir John Mandeville, a popular medieval work composed during the fourteenth century, consisting of a so-called journal of an English traveler to Eastern lands. It is considered as one of the influences which caused Columbus to sail west in search of India. Actually, the writer recorded not his own travels, but those of a fictitious personage, and derived his information from travel accounts of the time and his own imagination. In what way has he probably "improved" upon his sources? How is his use of raw material probably similar to Durrell's, though Durrell did use his own experiences?

EXERCISE: Drawing on some secondary source for your factual information, write an imaginary journal entry for a travel book, about a place you have not seen yourself. What can you add to such information to make the entry interesting to an imaginary public? Assume a specific, imaginary identity for yourself, and name a specific, imaginary public for whom your writing is intended: i.e., newspaper readers; ladies club; young adult readers, etc.

8. (For text, see Marc Chagall, My Life, Transl. Elizabeth Abbot, New York, Orion Press, 1960; pp. 12-13.)

9. May 1st, 1952
To write the following, I am using for the first time patent-leather shoes that I have never been able to wear for long at a time, as they are horribly tight. I usually put them on just before giving a lecture. The painful pressure they exert on my feet enhances my oratorical capacities to the utmost.

10. (For text, see Van Gogh, A Self-Portrait, ed. W. H. Auden, New York Graphic Society, Greenwich, Connecticut, 1961; p. 106.)

Today we say that Van Gogh was an Expressionist painter. We call Dali a Surrealist and Chagall a Fantasist. All three terms are used to describe a certain style of painting. Look these terms up, determine their general meaning, and then re-examine the style of these personal, written expressions by the three painters. See if these terms can be used to apply to a style of writing, or to a way of seeing things, which is expressed in writing, as well as to painting. That is, does Van Gogh's letter seem to be more expressionistic than Dali's diary? What fantastic elements can you find in the writing of Chagall? It would be a good idea, as well, to find some reproductions of paintings or drawings by these three men. They are all well-known and their works are frequently represented in art books. Perhaps your teacher will provide some prints of their works for the class to see.

In speaking of style in writing, we frequently borrow terms from the other arts, or from other experience, to describe a quality otherwise difficult to express. Consequently we may call a piece of writing realistic, surrealistic, impressionistic, expressionistic, and so on. If it suggests a type of news reporting, we may call it journalistic, which term itself derives from yet another sort of writing. We may call a piece of writing rococo or gothic, romantic or classical, or any of a number of more general terms such as terse or ornamental. At times a difficulty in using such terms arises from lack of definition. Not always does everyone agree what each term means. Choose one or more of these terms and define it in terms of writing style. That is, what characteristics of style would a piece of realistic writing have? Then write a short essay on any subject, preferably choosing something from your journal, in the style you have defined.

LESSON V: Making Adjustments in Style

The examples seen in this unit so far, have been in either a finished or rough state. Here are two examples of the same material before and after it has been shaped by a writer to his particular purpose.

from The English Note-Books
by Nathaniel Hawthorne

I

We took the train for Manchester, over pretty much the same route that I travelled last year. Many of the higher hills in Yorkshire were white with snow, which, in our lower region, softened into rain; but as we approached Manchester, the westernssky reddened, and gave promise of better weather. We arrived at nearly eight o'clock, and put up at the Palatine Hotel. In the evening I scrawled away at my journal till past ten o'clock; for I have really made it a matter of conscience to keep a tolerably full record of my travels, though conscious that everything good escapes in the process. In the morning we went out and visited the Manchester Cathedral, a particularly black and grimy edifice, containing some genuine old wood-carvings within the choir. We stayed a good while, in order to see some people married. One couple, with their groomsman and bride's-maid, were sitting within the choir; but when the clergyman was robed and ready, there entered five other couples, each attended by groomsman and bride's-maid. They were all of the lower orders; one or two respectably dressed, but most of them poverty-stricken, --the men in their ordinary loafer's or laborer's attire, the women with their poor, shabby shawls drawn closely about them; faded untimely, wrinkled with penury and care; nothing fresh, virgin-like, or hopeful about them; joining themselves to their mates with the idea of making their own misery less intolerable by adding another's to it. All the six couples stood up in a row before the altar, with the groomsmen and bride's-maids in a row behind them; and the clergyman proceeded to marry them in such a way that it almost seemed to make every man and woman the husband and wife of every other. However, there were some small portions of the service directed towards each separate couple; and they appeared to assort themselves in their own fashion afterwards, each one saluting his bride with a kiss. The clergyman, the sexton, and the clerk all seemed to find something funny in this affair; and the woman who admitted us into the church smiled too, when she told us that a wedding-party was waiting to be married. But I think it was the saddest thing we have seen since leaving home; though funny enough if one likes to look at it from a ludicrous point of view: This mob of poor marriages was caused by the fact that no marriage fee is paid during Easter. (April, 1857)

II

Passing by the gateway of the Manchester Cathedral the other morning, on my way to the station, I found a crowd collected, and, high overhead, the bells were chiming for a wedding. These chimes of bells are exceedingly impressive, so broadly gladsome as they are, filling the whole air, and every nook of one's heart, with sympathy. They are good for people to rejoice with, and good also for a marriage, because through all their joy there is something solemn, --a tone of that voice which we have heard so often at funerals. It is good to see how everybody, up to this old age of the world, takes an interest in weddings, and seems to have a faith that now, at last, a couple have come together to make each other happy. The high, black, rough old cathedral tower sent out its chime of bells as earnestly as for any bridegroom and bride that came to be married five hundred years ago. I went into the churchyard, but there was such a throng of people on its pavement of flat tombstones, and especially such a cluster along the pathway by which the bride was to depart, that I could only see a white dress waving along, and really do not know whether she was a beauty or a fright. The happy pair got into a post-chaise that was waiting at the gate, and immediately drew some crimson curtains, and so vanished into their Paradise. There were two other post-chaises and pairs, and all three had postilions in scarlet. This is the same cathedral where, last May, I saw a dozen couples married in the lump. (August, 1857)

from "Glimpses of English Poverty," in Our Old Home (1863)

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

I was once present at the wedding of some poor English people, and was deeply impressed by the spectacle, though by no means with such proud and delightful emotions as seem to have affected all England on the recent occasion of the marriage of its Prince. It was in the Cathedral at Manchester, a particularly black and grim old structure, into which I had stepped to examine some ancient and curious wood-carvings within the choir. The woman in attendance greeted me with a smile (which always glimmers forth on the feminine visage, I know not why, when a wedding is in question), and asked me to take a seat in the nave till some poor parties were married, it being the Easter holidays, and a good time for them to marry, because no fees would be demanded by the clergyman. I sat down accordingly, and soon the parson and his clerk appeared at the altar, and a considerable crowd of people made their entrance at a sidedoor, and ranged themselves in a long, huddled line across the chancel. They were my acquaintances of the poor streets, or persons in a precisely similar condition of life, and were now come to their marriage ceremony in just such garbs as I had always seen them wear: the men in their loafer's coats, out at elbows, or their laborer's jackets, defaced with grimy toil; the women drawing their shabby shawls tighter about their shoulders, to hide the raggedness beneath; all of them unbrushed, unshaven, unwashed, uncombed, and wrinkled with penury and care; nothing virgin-like in the brides, nor hopeful or energetic in the bridegrooms;--they were, in short, the mere rags and tatters of the human race, whom some cast-wind of evil omen, howling along the streets, had chanced to sweep together into an unfragrant heap. Each and all of them, conscious of his or her individual misery, had blundered into the strange miscalculation of supposing that they could lessen the sum of it by multiplying it into the misery of another person. All the couples (and it was difficult, in such a confused crowd, to compute exactly their number) stood up at once, and had execution done upon them in the lump, the clergyman addressing only small parts of the service to each individual pair, but so managing the larger portion as to include the whole company without the trouble of repetition. By this compendious contrivance, one would apprehend, he came dangerously near making every man and woman the husband or wife of every other; nor, perhaps, would he have perpetrated much additional mischief by the mistake; but, after receiving a benediction in common, they assorted themselves in their own fashion, as they only knew how, and departed to the garrets, or the cellars, or the unsheltered street-corners, where their honeymoon and subsequent lives were to be spent. The parson smiled decorously, the clerk and the sexton grinned broadly, the female attendant tittered almost aloud, and even the married parties seemed to see something exceedingly funny in the affair; but for my part, though generally apt enough to be tickled by a joke, I laid it away in my memory as one of the saddest sights I ever looked upon.

Not very long afterwards, I happened to be passing the same venerable cathedral, and heard a clang of joyful bells, and beheld a bridal party coming down the steps towards a carriage and four horses, with a portly coachman and two postilions, that waited at the gate. One parson and one service had amalgamated the wretchedness of a score of paupers; a Bishop and three or four clergymen had combined their spiritual might to forge the golden links of this other marriage-bond. The bridegroom's mien had a sort of careless and kindly English pride; the bride floated along in her white drapery, a creature so nice and delicate that it was a luxury to see her, and a pity that her silk slippers should touch anything so grimy as the old stones of the churchyard avenue. The crowd of ragged people, who always cluster to witness what they may of an aristocratic wedding, broke into audible admiration of the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's manliness, and uttered prayers and ejaculations (possibly paid for in alms) for the happiness of both. If the most favorable of earthly conditions could make them happy, they had every prospect of it. They were going to live on their abundance in one of those stately and delightful English homes, such as no other people ever created or inherited, a hall set far and safe within its own private grounds, and surrounded with venerable trees, shaven lawns, rich shrubbery, and trimmest pathways, the whole so artfully contrived and tended that summer rendered it a paradise, and even winter would hardly disrobe it of its beauty; and all this fair property seemed more exclusively and inalienably their own, because of its descent through many forefathers, each of whom had added an improvement or a charm, and thus transmitted it with a stronger stamp of rightful possession to his heir. And is it possible, after all, that there may be a flaw in the title-deeds? Is, or is not, the system wrong that gives one married pair so immense a superfluity of luxurious home, and shuts out a million others from any home whatever? One day or another, safe as they deem themselves, and safe as the hereditary temper of the people really tends to make them, the gentlemen of England will be compelled to face this question.

1. What seems to be the difference in purpose of the two versions?

2. What is omitted in the second version?

3. Point to specific details which appear in a different order in the two versions, and suggest why Hawthorne has changed their order.

4. Does Hawthorne add anything to the second version? For example, compare the two descriptions of the well-to-do bride. Compare the descriptions of the crowd gathered at her wedding.

5. How does Hawthorne use highly connotative language to reinforce his purpose in each version? In which version does he seem to be most objective, and in which most subjective? Why?

The next example differs from those above in that the first and second versions are written by two different people, and both serve a different purpose as "finished" pieces of their own kind.

A. "Sinful" Milk Rejected As Ad Gimmick

WASHINGTON, May 24.--(AP)--The American Dairy Association has vetoed proposals that its industry copy some of the advertising tricks of other beverages.

The trade association reports that suggestions had been made that milk be made "more sinful," that it be made "more glamorous, more socially acceptable" or that some new appeals for the dairy product be devised.

Making milk more sinful, it was suggested, would make the product more desirable.

But, countered the association, what sinful product enjoys the kind of market that milk has today.

B. (For text, see "First of the Month," by Cleveland Amory in Saturday Review, July 3, 1965.)

The facts are pretty much the same in each. What does Amory do with those facts, to make his essay his own? Plan an essay of your own, based on the AP Bulletin, which begins with the same material but is different from the essay written by Cleveland Amory.

SUGGESTED EXERCISES IN WRITING

1. Choose an entry from your journal and develop it in several different ways, such as:
    a. a paragraph in an editorial
    b. a philosophical reflection
    c. satirically
    d. a persuasive speech
    e. a news story
    f. any sort of essay suggested by the material
2. Write a short story in the form of a diary.
3. Write a brief, serious essay based on one of your notes, or a series of notes in your journal, and then rewrite the essay, leaving the content as much like the original as possible, but changing the style to make the essay humorous.
4. Choose several suitable entries from your own journal, from which you write paragraphs or sentences imitative of the style of any of the examples given in this unit.

5. Write two or three opening paragraphs for essays based on notes in your journal, from which a reader can clearly guess what the style of the rest of the essay would be.

6. Write three definitions of "The Personal Voice in Writing," one imitating the style of example 6 in lesson III, one imitating the style of example 7 in that lesson, and a third in any style you choose.

THE RHETORIC OF LITERATURE

STUDENT VERSION

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V. Questions and Suggested Writing Assignments

STUDENT VERSION

THE RHETORIC OF LITERATURE

You have probably read many stories in which some impossible events occur. Childhood stories like "Jack and the Beanstalk," where hens lay golden eggs and beanstalks grow to the sky, perhaps interested you once. Now, you still enjoy a good science fiction story, where man meets life forms, from the planets of other stars, or you like to watch movies about secret agents who always defeat criminals who want to rule the world. And yet you do not find it difficult to believe that such fantastic things can happen. What is an author's justification for creating such improbable situations? Surely he is trying to do more than just tell a good adventure story. Why, for example, in the first story you will read in this unit, does Nathaniel Hawthorne imagine a girl who can kill insects by breathing on them? He cannot really believe such things happen in our world, can he?

Getting possible answers to this question is one of the aims of this unit. As you read, we hope you will be able to find answers to questions that go to the very heart of literature--which explain why literature is written at all. For example, why doesn't an author state his point directly, as essayists do, instead of trying to make us figure out his meaning from a difficult story? This is certainly a valid question to ask. What makes imaginative literature --poems, plays, stories--different from essays, since both usually prove a point in some way or other?

Besides trying to answer these questions, you will also be studying the uses of rhetoric in literature, as the title of this unit suggests. Your studies in the past about rhetoric should prove particularly useful, because the same questions that you ask about speeches and essays--what is the author's purpose, what sort of audience is he speaking to, what methods is he using to persuade his audience--are equally important in literature. The unit called The Place of Values in Literature talked about some of the subjects literary authors often treat; now we will want to know how they go about establishing these values in a way that will convince the reader to accept them. Among other things, too, we will try to find out whether any of the specific rhetorical practices that you have learned to use in your own papers and talks are also used by a writer of literature. For instance, does the writer of a poem use examples to support his idea and make it clear, just as you have found it necessary to use examples in a speech or paper?

As you read the selections in this unit, see if you can work out at least partial answers to these questions.

Part II

Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Rappaccini's Daughter"

"Rappaccini's Daughter" takes place in a world which is far away and long ago, and in which the impossible sometimes happens. Yet if you are like most readers, you'll find yourself very nearly believing that these events actually took place. Try to decide as you read just what it is about the writing which makes you believe it. And then think about whether a person of today can gain anything from reading this story. Do the ideas it presents apply only to people of Giovanni and Beatrice's world, or to everyone? What does the author do to make them seem general, universal, concerned with men of all times and places?

"Rappaccini's Daughter"

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

A young man, named Giovanni Guasconti, came, very long ago, from the more southern region of Italy, to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his Inferno. These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heartbreak natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor!" cried old Dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air, "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of Heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Paduan sunshine was as cheerful as that of southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window, and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants, which seemed to have been cultivated with exceeding care.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor, unless it were fruitful of better pot herbs than any that grow there now," answered old Lisabetta. "No; that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous doctor, who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said that he distills these plants into medicine that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the signor doctor at work, and perchance the signora, his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

The old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber; and,, commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance, he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy, or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure-place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the centre, sculptured with rare art, but so wofully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window, and made him feel as if a fountain were an immortal spirit that sung its song unceasingly and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, while one century embodied it in marble and another scattered the perishable garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided grew various plants, that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and, in some instances, flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the luster and richness of a gem; and the whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden, even had there been no sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs, which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care, as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns, rich with old carving, and others in common garden pots; some crept serpent-like along the ground or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and sickly-looking man dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with gray hair, a thin, gray beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path: it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of this deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality. It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? and this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow, --was he the Adam

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice; but, finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease.

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father. What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house--a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson and of perfumes heavily delectable. "Are you in the garden?"

"Yes, Beatrice," answered the gardener, "and I need your help."

Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl, arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day, and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much. She looked redundant with life, health, and energy; all of which attributes were bound down and compressed as it were, and girdled tensely, in their luxuriance, by her virgin zone. Yet Giovanni's fancy must have grown morbid while he looked down into the garden; for the impression which the fair stranger made upon him was as if here were another flower, the human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they, more beautiful than the riches of them, but still to be touched only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask. As Beatrice came down the garden path, it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants which her father had most sedulously avoided.

"Here, Beatrice," said the latter, "see how many needful offices require to be done to our chief treasure. Yet, shattered as I am, my life might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole charge."

"And gladly will I undertake it," cried again the rich tones of the young lady, as she bent toward the magnificent plant and opened her arms as if to embrace it. "Yes, my sister, my splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee; and thou shalt reward her with they kisses and perfumed breath, which to her is as the breath of life."

Then,with all the tenderness in her manner that was so strikingly expressed in her words, she busied herself with such attentions as the plant seemed to require; and Giovanni, at his lofty window, rubbed his eyes and almost doubted whether it were a girl tending her favorite flower, or one sister performing the duties of affection to another.

The scene soon terminated. Whether Dr. Rappaccini had finished his labors in the garden or that his watchful eye had caught the stranger's face, he now took his daughter's arm and retired. Night was already closing in;

oppressive exhalations seemed to proceed from the plants and steal upward past the open window; and Giovanni, closing the lattice, went to his couch and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different, and yet the same, and fraught with some strange peril in either shape.

But there is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever errors of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine. Giovanni's first movement, on starting from sleep, was to throw open the window and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised and a little ashamed to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be, in the first rays of the sun which gilded the dew-drops that hung upon leaf and blossom, and, while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced that, in the heart of the barren city, he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language to keep him in communion with Nature. Neither the sickly and thought-worn Dr. Giacomo Rappaccini, it is true, nor his brilliant daughter, were now visible; so that Giovanni could not determine how much of the singularity which he attributed to both was due to their own qualities and how much to his wonder-working fancy; but he was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter.

In the course of the day he paid his respects to Signor Pietro Baglioni,professor of medicine in the university, a physician of eminent repute, to whom Giovanni had brought a letter of introduction. The professor was an elderly personage, apparently of genial nature, and habits that might almost be called jovial. He kept the young man to dinner, and made himself very agreeable by the freedom and liveliness of his conversation, especially when warmed by a flask or two of Tuscan wine. Giovanni, conceiving that men of science, inhabitants of the same city, must needs be on familiar terms with one another, took an opportunity to mention the name of Dr. Rappaccini. But the professor did not respond with so much cordiality as he had anticipated.

"Ill would it become a teacher of the divine art of medicine," said Professor Petro Baglioni, in answer to a question of Giovanni, "to withhold due and well-considered praise of a physician so eminently skilled as Rappaccini; but, on the other hand, I should answer it but scantily to my conscience were I to permit a worthy youth like yourself, Signor Giovanni, the son of an ancient friend, to imbibe erroneous ideas respecting a man who might hereafter chance to hold your life and death in his hands. The truth is, our worshipful Dr. Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty--with perhaps one single exception--in Padua, or all Italy; but there are certain grave objections to his professional character."

"And what are they?" asked the young man.

"Has my friend Giovanni any disease of body or heart, that he is so inquisitive about physicians?" said the professor, with a smile. "But as for Rappaccini, it is said of him--and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth--that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man indeed," remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

"God forbid," answered the professor, somewhat testily; "at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison, more horribly deleterious than Nature, without the assistance of this learned person, would ever have plagued the world withal. That the signor doctor does less mischief than might be expected with such dangerous substances is undeniable. Now and then, it must be owned, he has effected, or seemed to effect, a marvelous cure; but, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success,--they being probably the work of chance,--but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which may justly be considered his own work."

The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many grains of allowance had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr. Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

"I know not, most learned professor," returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini's exclusive zeal for science,--"I know not how dearly this physician may love his art; but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter."

"Aha!" cried the professor, with a laugh. "So now our friend Giovanni's secret is out. You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a professor's chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine! Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of lachryma"

Guasconti returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Dr. Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist's he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window, but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude.

The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew the magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air, and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to overflow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however, --as Giovanni had half hoped, half feared, would be the case, --a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal, and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes as if she were one of those beings of old classic fables that lived upon sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it; so brilliant, so vivid, was its character, that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness, --qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe, or imagine, an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gemlike flowers over the fountain, --a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening, both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms, as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an intimate embrace--so intimate that her features were hidden in it leafy bosom and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me they breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice; "for I am faint with common air. And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem and place it close beside my heart."

With these words the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's draughts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small orange-colored reptile of the lizard or chameleon species, chanced to be creeping along the path just at the feet of Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni, --but at the distance from which he gazed, he could scarcely have seen anything so minute, --it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice observed this remarkable phenomenon, and crossed herself, sadly, but with suprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm which nothing else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of the shadow of his window, bent forward and shrank back, and murmured and trembled. "Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being? Beautiful shall I call her, or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window, so that he was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense and painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment there came a beautiful insect over the garden wall; it had, perhaps wandered through the city and found no flowers or verdure among those antique haunts of men until the heavy perfumes of Dr. Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers, this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now, here it could not be but that Giovanni Guasconti's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that, while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight, it grew faint and fell at her feet; its bright wings shivered; it was dead--from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself and sighed heavily as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man--rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features, and a glistening of gold among his ringlets--gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in mid air. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "there are pure and healthful flowers. Wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti."

"Thanks, signor," replied Beatrice, with her rich voice, that came forth as it were like a gush of music, and with a mirthful expression half childish and half woman-like. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower; but if I toss it into the air it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the ground, and then, as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni, when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no possibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after this incident the young man avoided the window that looked into Dr. Rappaccini's garden, as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eyesight had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power by the communication which he had opened with Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings and Padua itself at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and daylight view of Beatrice,--thus bring her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, ought Giovanni to have remained so near this extraordinary being that the proximity and possiblity even of intercourse should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing. Guasconti had not a deep heart--or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now; but he had a quick fancy, and an ardent southern temperament which rose every instant to a higher fever pitch. Whether or no Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes, that fatal breath, the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame; but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it, and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua or beyond its gates: his footsteps kept time with the throbbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage who had turned back on recognizing the young man and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni! Stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided ever since their first meeting, from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets. Endeavoring to recover himself, he stared forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one and spoke like a man in a dream.

"Yes; I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass!"

"Not, yet, not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance. "What! Did I grow up side by side with your father? and shall his son pass me like a stranger in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, Signor Giovanni; for we must have a word or two before we part."

"Speedily, then, most worshipful professor, speedily," said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not your worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly like a person in inferior health. His face was all overspread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes and have seen only this wonderful energy. As he passed, this person exchanged a cold and distant salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his eyes upon Giovanni with an intentness that seemed to bring out whatever was within him worthy of notice. Nevertheless, there was a peculiar quietness in the look, as if taking merely a speculative, not a human, interest in the young man.

"It is Dr. Rappaccini!" whispered the professor, when the stranger had passed. "Has he ever seen your face before?"

"Not that I know," answered Giovanni, starting at the name.

"He *has* seen you! he must have seen you!" said Baglioni hastily. "For some purpose or other, this man of science is making a study of you. I know that look of his! It is the same that coldly illuminates his face as he bends over a bird, a mouse, or a butterfly, which, in pursuance of some experiment, he has killed by the perfume of a flower; a look as deep as Nature itself, but without Nature's warmth of love. Signor Giovanni, I will stake my life upon it, you are the subject of one of Rappaccini's experiments."

"Will you make a fool of me?" cried Giovanni passionately. "*That*, signor professor, were an untoward experiment."

"Patience, patience!" replied the imperturbable professor. "I tell thee, my poor Giovanni, that Rappaccini has a scientific interest in thee. Thou hast fallen into fearful hands! And the Signora Beatrice, --what part does she act in this mystery?"

But Guasconti, finding Baglioni's pertinacity intolerable, here broke away, and was gone before the professor could again seize his arm. He looked after the young man intently and shook his head.

"This must not be," said Baglioni to himself. "The youth is the son of my old friend, and shall not come to any harm from which the arcana of medical science can preserve him. Besides, it is too insufferable an impertinence in Rappaccini, thus to snatch the lad out of my own hands, as I may say, and make use of him for his infernal experiments. This daughter of his! It shall be looked to. Perchance, most learned Rappaccini, I may foil you where you little dream of it!"

Meanwhile, Giovanni had pursued a circuitous route, and at length found himself at the door of his lodgings. As he crossed the threshold he was met by old Lisabetta, who smirked and smiled, and was evidently desirous to attract his attention; vainly, however, as the ebullition of his feelings had momentarily subsided into a cold and dull vacuity. He turned his eyes full upon the withered face that was puckering itself into a smile, but seemed to behold it not. The old dame, therefore, laid her grasp upon his cloak.

"Signor! signor!" whispered she, still with a smile over the whole breadth of her visage, so that it looked not unlike a grotesque carving in wood, darkened by centuries. "Listen, signor! There is a private entrance into the garden!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Giovanni, turning quickly about, as if an inanimate thing should start into feverish life. "A private entrance into Dr. Rappaccini's garden?"

"Hush! hush! Not so loud!" whispered Lisabetta, putting her hand over his mouth. "Yes; into the worshipful doctor's garden, where you may see all this fine shrubbery. Many a young man in Padua would give gold to be admitted among those flowers."

Giovanni put a piece of gold into her hand.

"Show me the way," said he.

A surmise, probably excited by his conversation with Baglioni, crossed his mind, that this interposition of old Lisabetta might perchance be connected with the intrigue, whatever were its nature, in which the professor seemed to suppose that Dr. Rappaccini was involving him. But such a suspicion, though it disturbed Giovanni, was inadequate to restrain him. The instant that he was aware of the possibility of approaching Beatrice, it seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to do so. It mattered not whether she were angel or demon; he was irrevocably within her sphere, and must obey the law that whirled him onward, in ever lessening circles, toward a result which he did not attempt to foreshadow; and yet, strange to say, there came across him a sudden doubt whether this intense interest on his part were not delusory; whether it were really of so deep and postitive a nature as to justify him in now thrusting himself into an incalculable position; whether it were not merely the fantasy of a young man's brain, only slightly or not at all connected with his heart.

He paused, hesitated, turned half about, but again went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure passages, and finally undid a door, through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves, with the broken sunshine glimmering among them. Giovanni stepped forth, and, forcing himself through the entanglement of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, stood beneath his own window in the open area of Dr. Rappaccini's garden.

How often is it the case that, when impossibilities have come to pass and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm, and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion will choose his own time to rush upon the scene, and lingers sluggishly behind when an appropriate adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day his pulses had throbbed with feverish blood at the improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice, and of standing with her, face to face, in this very garden, basking in the Oriental sunshine of her beauty, and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and, perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several also would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness indicating that there had been such commixture, and as it were, adultery, of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which in one or two cases had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection, and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and, turning, beheld Beatric emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment; whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden, or assume that he was there with the privity at least, if not by the desire, of Dr. Rappaccini or his daughter; but Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, although leaving him still in doubt by what agency he had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, signor," said Beatrice, with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window. "It is no marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here, he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of these shrubs; for he has spent a lifetime in such studies, and this garden is his world."

"And yourself, lady," observed Giovanni, "if fame says true,--you likewise are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress, I should prove an apter scholar than if taught by Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfume; and sometimes methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here, and those not the least brilliant, that shock and offend me when they meet my eye. But pray, signor, do not believe these stories about my science. Believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni, pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, signora; you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing save what comes from your own lips."

It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush to her cheek, but she looked full into Giovanni's eyes and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queenlike haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, signor," she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to the outward senses, still it may be false in its essence; but the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe."

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect and beamed upon Giovanni's consciousness like the light of truth itself; but while she spoke there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed like a shadow over Giovanni and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt or fear.

The tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay, and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the daylight or summer clouds, and now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother, and his sisters--questions indicating such seclusion, and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms, that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of gemlike brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder that he should be walking side by side with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination whom he had idealized in such hues of terror, in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes,--that he should be conversing with Beatrice like a brother, and should find her so human and so maidenlike. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real not to make itself familiar at once.

In this free intercourse they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns among its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain, beside which grew the magnificent shrub with its treasury of glowing blossoms A fragrance was diffused from it which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As her eyes fell upon it, Giovanni beheld her press her hand to her bosom, as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee."

"I remember, signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet which I had the happy boldness to fling to your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step toward the shrub with extended hand; but Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger. She caught his hand and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibres.

"Touch it not!" exclaimed she, in a voice of agony. "Not for thy life! It is fatal!"

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes, he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Dr. Rappaccini, who had been watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings, invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshipped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her physical and moral system were now either forgotten, or, by the subtle sophistry of passion transmuted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly was now beautiful; or, if incapable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half ideas which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness.

Thus did he spend the night, nor fell asleep until the dawn had begun to awake the slumbering flowers in Dr. Rappaccini's garden, whither Giovanni's dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused, he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand--in his right hand--the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own when he was on the point of plucking one of the gemlike flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist.

Oh, how stubbornly does love,--or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart,--how stubbornly does it hold its faith until the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapped a handkerchief about his hand and wondered what evil thing had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third; a fourth; and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live; for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance, and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been playmates from early infancy--as if they were such playmates still. If, by any unwonted chance, he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window and set up the rich sweetness of her tone to float around him in his chamber and echo and reverberate throughout his heart: "Giovanni! Giovanni! Why tarriest thou? Come down!" and down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But, with all this intimate familiarity, there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor, so rigidly and invariably sustained that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs, they loved; they had looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other, as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken love in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of longhidden flame; and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment--so marked was the physical barrier between them--had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit, Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and withal wore such a look of desolate separation, shuddering at itself, that not a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose, monster-like, out of the caverns of his heart and stared him in the face; his love grew thin and faint as the morning mist; his doubts alone had substance. But, when Beatrice's face brightened again after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the professor whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks, and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up as he had long been to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling. Such sympathy was not to be expected from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly for a few moments about the gossip of the city and the university, and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," said he, "and met with a story that strangely interested me. Possibly you may remember it. It is of an Indian prince, who sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn and gorgeous as the sunset; but what especially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath--richer than a garden of Persian roses. Alexander, as was natural to a youthful conqueror, fell in love at first sight with this magnificent stranger; but a certain sage physician, happening to be present, discovered a terrible secret in regard to her."

"And what was that?" asked Giovanni, turning his eyes downward to avoid those of the professor.

"That this lovely woman," continued Baglioni, with emphasis, "had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward, until her whole nature was so imbued with them that she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence. Poison was her element of life. With that rich perfume of her breath she blasted the very air. Her love would have been poison--her embrace death. Is not this a marvallous tale?"

"A childish fable," answered Giovanni, nervously starting from his chair. "I marvel how your worship finds time to read such nonsense among your graver studies."

"By the by," said the professor, looking uneasily about him, "what singular fragrance is this in your apartment? Is it the perfume of your gloves? It is faint, but delicious; and yet, after all, by no means agreeable. Were I to breathe it long, methinks it would make me ill. It is like the breath of a flower; but I see no flowers in the chamber."

"Nor are there any," replied Giovanni, who had turned pale as the professor spoke; "nor, I think, is there any fragrance except in your worship's imagination. Odors being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual, are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume, the bare idea of it, may easily be mistaken for a present reality."

"Ay; but my sober imagination does not often play such tricks," said Baglioni; "and, were I to fancy any kind of odor, it would be that of some vile apothecary drug wherewith my fingers are likely enough to be imbued. Our worshipful friend Rappaccini, as I have heard, tinctures his medicaments with odors richer than thos of Araby. Doubtless, likewise, the fair and learned Signora Beatrice would minister to her patients with draughts as sweet as a maiden's breath; but woe to him that sips them!"

Giovanni's face evinced many contending emotions. The tone in which the professor alluded to the pure and lovely daughter of Rappaccini was a torture to his soul; and yet the intimation of a view of her character, opposite to his own, gave instantaneous distinctness to a thousand dim suspicions, which now grinned at him like so many demons. But he strove hard to quell them and to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith.

"Signor professor," said he, "you were my father's friend; perchance, too, it is your purpose to act a friendly part toward his son. I woul fain feel nothing toward you save respect and deference; but I pray you to observe, signor, that there is one subject on which we must not speak. You know not the Signora Beatrice. You cannot, therfore, estimate the wrong--the blasphemy, I may even say--that is offered to her character by a light or injurious word."

"Giovanni! my poor Giovanni!" answered the professor, with a calm expression of pity, "I know this wretched girl far better than yourself. You shall hear the truth in repect to the poisoner Rappaccini and his poisonous daughter; yes, poisoncus as she is beautiful. Listen; for, even should you do violence to my gray hairs, it shall not silence me. That old fable of the Indian woman has become a truth by the deep and deadly science of Rappiccini and in the person of the lovely Beatrice."

Giovanni groaned and hid his face.

"Her father," continued Baglioni, "was not restrained by natural affection from offering up his child in this horrible manner as the victim of his insane zeal for science; for, let us do him justice, he is as true a man of science as ever distilled his own heart in an alembic. What, then, will be your fate? Beyond a doubt you are selected as the material of some new experiment. Perhaps the result is to be death; perhaps a fate more awful still. Rappaccini, with what he calls the interest of science before his eyes, will hesitate at nothing."

"It is a dream," muttered Giovanni to himself; "surely it is a dream."

"But," resumed the professor, "be of good cheer, son of my friend. It is not yet too late for the rescue. Possibly we may even succeed in bringing back this miserable child within the limits of ordinary nature, from which her father's madness has estranged her. Behold this little silver vase! It was wrought by the hands of the renowned Benvenuto Cellini, and is well worthy to be a love gift to the fairest dame in Italy. But its contents are invaluable. One little sip of this antidote would have rendered the most virulent poisons of the Borgias innocuous. Doubt not that it will be as efficacious against those of Rappaccini. Bestow the vase, and the precious liquid within it, on your Beatrice, and hopefully await the result."

Baglioni laid a small, exquisitely wrought silver vial on the table and withdrew, leaving what he had said to produce its effect upon the young man's mind.

"We will thwart Rappaccini yet," thought he, chuckling to himself, as he descended the stairs; "but, let us confess the truth of him, he is a wonderful man--a wonderful man indeed; a vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession."

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice, he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character; yet so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate, and guileless creature, that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni looked as strange and incredible as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air, by no ostensible agency save the fragrance of her breath. These incidents, however, dissolving in the pure light of her character, had no longer the efficacy of facts, but were acknowledged as mistaken fantasies, by whatever testimony of the senses they might appear to be substantiated. There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger. On such better evidence had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes than by any deep and generous faith on his part. But now his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down, groveling among earthly doubts, and defiled therwith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up; he did but distrust. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him, once for all, whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect, and the flowers; but if he could witness, at the distance of a few paces, the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand, there would be room for no further question. With this idea he hastened to the florist's and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dew-drops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Before descending into the garden, Giovanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror,--a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did gaze, however, and said to himself that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity, nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought her, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower to perish in her grasp."

With that thougit he turned his eyes on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame on perceiving that those dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble, and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber. It must have been the poison in his breath! Then he shuddered--shuddered at himself. Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch with curious eye a spider that was busily at work hanging its web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and recrossing the artful system of interwoven lines--as vigorous and active a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent toward the insect, and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artisan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart; he knew not whether he were wicked or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive gripe with his limbs and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden.

"Giovanni! Giovanni! It is past the hour! Why tarriest thou? Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni again. "She is the only being whom my breath may not slay! Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance; but with her actual presence there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off: recollections of the delicate and benigh power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm; recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths and made visible in its transparency to his mental eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen insensibility. Beatrice, with a quick spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of blackness between them which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grewthe shrub that bore the gem-like blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment--the appetite, as it were--with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beatrice," asked he, abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of Nature," replied Beatrice; "and at the hour when I first drew breath this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. Approach it not!" continued she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub. "It has qualities that you little dream of. But,I, dearest Giovanni,--I grew up and blossomed with the plant and was nourished with its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection; for alas!--hast thou not suspected it?--there was an awful doom."

Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled. But her faith in his tenderness reassured her, and made her blush that she had doubted for an instant.

"There was an awful doom," she continued, "the effect of my father's fatal love of science, which estranged me from all society of my kind. Until Heaven sent thee, dearest Giovanni, oh, how lonely was thy poor Beatrice!"

"Was it a hard doom?" asked Giovanni, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Only of late have I known how hard it was," answered she, tenderly. "Oh, yes; but my heart was torpid, and therefore quiet."

Giovanni's rage broke forth from his sullen gloom like a lightning-flash out of a dark cloud.

"Accursed one!" cried he, with venomous scorn and anger. "And, finding thy solitude wearisome, thou hast severed me likewise from all the warmth of life and enticed me into thy region of unspeakable horror!"

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning her large bright eyes upon his face. The force of his words had not found its way into her mind; she was merely thunderstruck.

"Yes, poisonous thing!" repeated Giovanni, beside himself with passion. "Thou hast done it! Thou hast blasted me! Thou hast filled my veins with poison! Thou hast made me as hateful, as ugly, as loathsome and deadly a creature as thyself--a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity! Now, if our breath be happily as fatal to ourselves as to all others, let us join our lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred, and so die!"

"What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her heart. "Holy Virgin, pity me, a poor heart-broken child!"

"Thou,--dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers, as they come from thy lips, taint the atmosphere with death. Yes; let us pray! Let us to church and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal! They that come after us will perish as by a pestilence! Let us sign crosses in the air! It will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols!"

"Giovanni," said Beatrice calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why doest thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me. But thou, --what hast thou to do, save with one other shudder at my hideous misery to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there ever crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice?"

"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. "Behold! this power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappaccini."

There was a swarm of summer insects flitting through the air in search of the food promised by the flower odors of the fatal garden. They circled round Giovanni's head, and were evidently attracted toward him by the same influence which had drawn them for an instant within the sphere of several of the shrubs. He sent forth a breath among them, and smiled bitterly at Beatrice as at least a score of the insects fell dead upon the ground.

"I see it! I see it!" shrieked Beatrice. "It is my father's fatal science! No, no, Giovanni; it was not I! Never, never! I dreamed only to love thee and be with thee a little time, and so to let thee pass away, leaving but thine image in mine heart. For, Giovanni, believe it, though my body be nourished with poison, my spirit is God's creature, and craves love as its daily food. But my father, --he has united us in this fearful sympathy. Yes; spurn me tread upon me, kill me! Oh, what is death after such words as thine? But it was not I. Not for a world of bliss would I have done it."

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips. There now came across him a sense, mournful, and not without tenderness, of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an utter solitude, which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair closely together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice, the redeemed Beatrice, by the hand? Oh, weak, and selfish, and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union and earthly happiness as possible after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No, no; there could be no such hope. She must pass heavily, with that broken heart, across the borders of Time--she must bathe her hurts in some fount of paradise, and forget her grief in the light of immortality, and there be well.

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dear Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away as always at his approach, but now with a different impulse, "dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! there is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs. Shall we not quaff it together, and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it me!" said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver vial which Giovanni took from his bosom. She added with a peculiar emphasis, "I will drink; but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her lips; and, at the same moment, the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal and came slowly toward the marble fountain. As he drew near, the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused; his bent form grew erect with conscious power; he spread out his hand over them in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children; but those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives. Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in the world. Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister shrub and bid thy bridegroom wear it in his bosom. It will not harm him now. My science and the sympathy between thee and him have so wrought within his system that he now stands apart from common men, as thou dost, daughter of my pride and triumph, from ordinary women. Pass on, then, through the world, most dear to one another and dreadful to all besides!"

"My father," said Beatrice, feebly,--and still as she spoke she kept her hand upon her heart,--"wherefore didst thou inflict this miserable doom upon thy child?"

"Miserable!" exclaimed Rappaccini. "What mean you foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvelous gifts against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy--misery, to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath--misery, to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none?"

"I would fain have been loved, not feared," murmured Beatrice, sinking down upon the ground. "But now it matters not. I am going, father, where the evil which thou hast striven to mingle with my being will pass away like a dream--like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden. Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart; but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not, from the first, more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

To Beatrice,--so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill,--as poison had been life, so the powerful antidote was death; and thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom, perished there, at the feet of her father and Giovanni.

Just at that moment Professor Pietro Baglioni looked forth from the window, and called loudly, in a tone of triumph mixed with horror, to the thunder-stricken man of science,--

"Rappaccini! Rappaccini! And is this the upshot of your experiment!"

Study Questions

1. In introducing Signor Rappaccini, what details does Hawthorne use to make it believable that he should act evilly later?

2. One method by which Hawthorne describes the garden which is such an important part of the world in which the story takes place is by comparing it to the Garden of Eden. In what ways does the story resemble that of Adam and Eve? Are the hints of resemblance merely allusion, or suggestions of similarity, or is this an allegorical retelling of the old story? What effect do the similarities have on the universality of the ideas presented?

3. Many literary works take place in the kind of imagined world in which outer appearance indicates inner character--the villain may be old, bent, and sharp-featured; a good woman may be blond and ever-smiling; bad men ride the black horses and the good ones appear on beautiful white chargers. To what extent is the imagined world of "Rappaccini's Daughter" like this?

4. What effect does the following sentence have on how much you believe this story? "If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua" (p. 6).

5. What character in the story seems most like a real person of today? In what ways is he "realistic"? What effect does this have on how real the whole story seems?

6. Would you accept the supernatural element in the story more or less if it were set in today's American society instead of in Italy "very long ago"?

7. In what way is Giovanni more "poisonous" than Beatrice? Is his, like hers, an entirely physical poison, or is it more spiritual or emotional What does Hawthorne say in the story about how one person can harm another? Does this idea apply only to people in a world in which one's breath may be poisonous, or does it have more universal application?

8. As we have seen, the story is largely concerned with the relationship of Giovanni and Beatrice. What effect, then, does the careful development of the character of Rappaccini have?

9. To read this story, do you have to know anything about universities in Italy at the time? About where Padua is? About how a young man like Giovanni would have been educated before coming to the university? About how his parents treated him? Do you have to know the world in which a person like Giovanni would live to understand what Hawthorne is saying?

Irwin Shaw, "The Eighty-Yard Run" (p. 424 in Short Story Masterpieces)

Now we move from the world of ancient Italy to the world of today, from an exotic love story to a report of quite ordinary events. As you read, think about how the author manages to make you feel that this is a realistic world, much like your own. But at the same time, watch for the ways in which it is actually unrealistic. Is Darling's world as complex, as full of varied activities, as your own? Are you shown everything which happens to him between the day he makes the eighty-yard run and the day he returns to the football field? Why does the author leave out what he does?

Study Questions

1. How does the wording of the first scene make you "feel" along with Darling? What effect does the detailed description of his feelings during and after the eighty-yard run have on the impression the whole story gives you?

2. Does the story make you feel sorrier for Darling or for his wife? Would your feelings be any different if you knew his wife's thoughts and emotions as well as his? If you knew only hers? If it were written from her point of view, would the world in which the events take place still look the same?

3. Hawthorne uses detail which shows us that the world of his story is a different world from ours, a world in which women can breathe death. But Shaw wants the reader to feel that his story takes place in a world much like his own. What details does he use to give this feeling?

4. We have noted how Shaw, unlike Hawthorne, is attempting to present a world much like the reader's own world. But in the real world, can fifteen years be skipped over so quickly? Does a college boy only play football and date, an older man only drink and embrace his wife in the bathtub? Does life begin and end on a football field? How is the world Shaw presents different from the real world?

5. Do you learn as much detail about Darling's reaction to the stockmarket crash as to the eighty-yard run? To his job as a suit salesman as to his wife's hat? Does the author lead you at a steady pace through Darling's life, or does he jump from place to place?

6. We have noted that the imagined world of "The Eighty-Yard Run" is much simpler than the real world. Would this be as true if the story were turned into a novel? How do the imagined worlds of short stories differ from those of novels?

Part III

You might well ask at this point, "If literature just presents an imagined world, what good is it? Does it tell real people like us anything we can use?" The rest of this unit will try to show you that many different ways authors use imagined worlds to put across ideas about the real world and how to act in it. As you read the six poems which follow, look not only for what the author is saying but for how he gets his ideas across to you. Decide whether he is simply telling you what he thinks, is suggesting it, or is presenting an imagined world and leaving you to figure out the ideas for yourself. Think about the effect each detail has on the total impression the work gives you, on the feelings and ideas you are left with after reading it.

Alexander Pope, "Know Then Thyself" (Immortal Poems, pp. 160-162)

Study Questions

1. What function do the first two lines serve? The first paragraph? Each of the following paragraphs? Does this suggest a development more like that of the essay or that of the short story?

2. "Know Then Thyself" presents its ideas directly, by telling you the author's thoughts. Could the same ideas be told indirectly? What would the poem be like then?

3. Does Pope really completely tell you what man is in this poem? What other characteristics could he have mentioned? How would his definition differ from that of a dictionary? Of a biologist? Of a minister? Shaw presented only part of what the life of a man like Darling would be; the imagined world of the story was an incomplete one. Does Pope present an imagined world? If so, is it a complete one?

William Cullen Bryant, "Thanatopsis"

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart, --

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around--
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,--
Comes a still voice--
Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods--rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,--
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.--Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings--yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep--the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share they destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou are gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man--
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Study Questions

1. What function does each paragraph of the poem perform? Is the development more like that of an essay or that of a short story?

2. Is any kind of a "story" told in this poem? Is so, who is it about? What function does the story serve in putting across the point of the poem? Is there more or less story than is found in "Know Then Thyself"?

3. In lines 18-30, what special way of speaking of natural objects is used to make them seem actively companionable to man?

4. What metaphor is central to the development from line 31 to the end of tha paragraph? What ideas does it present? Does it present these ideas mor or less directly than those in the first paragraph? Than "Know Then Thyself"?

5. Would you say that "Thanatopsis" is more or less direct in its presentation than is "Know Then Thyself"? What makes you think so?

Emily Dickinson, "Success Is Counted Sweetest" (p. 443, Immortal Poems)

Study Questions

1. What function do the first two lines serve in the poem? The second two?

2. Does "Success Is Counted Sweetest" have more or less narrative than "Know Then Thyself" and "Thanatopsis"? If it does contain any narrative, what function does this serve?

3. Is "Success Is Counted Sweetest" more or less direct than "Thanatopsis"? What makes you think so?

4. What, if anything, would be lost by omitting all but the first two lines of the poem?

Emily Dickinson, "After Great Pain a Formal Feeling Comes"

After great pain a formal feel-
    ing comes--
The nerves sit ceremonious like
    tombs;
The stiff Heart questions--was
    it He that bore?
And yesterday--or centuries be-
    fore?

The feet, mechanical, go round
A wooden way
Of ground, or air, or ought,
Regardless grown,
A quartz contentment, like a
    stone.

This is the hour of lead
Remembered if outlived,
As freezing persons recollect the
    snow--
First chill, then stupor, then the
    letting go.

Study Questions

1. What is the main point which is developed in this poem?

2. According to the first line, great pain brings "a formal feeling." This is a rather vague description of what happens. Does the rest of the poem do anything to show just what is meant by a "formal feeling"?

3. Does the rest of the poem "prove" the first line, as it did in "Success Is Counted Sweetest"? If not, what function does it serve?

4. If all but the direct statement in the first line were omitted here, what would be lost?

The Parable of the Unmerciful Servant, Matthew 18:21-35

21 Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? 22 Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven.

23 Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. 24 And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents: 25 But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. 26 The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. 27 Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. 28 But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellowservants which owed him an hundred pence; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. 29 And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. 30 And he would not; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. 31 So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. 32 Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: 33 Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even,as I had pity on thee? 34 And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. 35 So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

Study Questions

1. What is the main point which this parable attempts to prove?
2. You can see by now that the opening statement is not fully, logically proven by the story which follows. Then what purposes does the story serve?
3. What character in the story do you tend to feel sorriest for? Which one do you feel least sorry for? What do these feelings do to your impression of whether or not men should be forgiven?

Thomas Hardy, "Hap" (p. 454, Immortal Poems)

Study Questions

1. Does any one section more or less sum up what the whole poem says? If so, what does the rest of the poem contribute?
2. What is the imagined world of the poem like? What sort of world would the speaker prefer?

3. You observed in the first part of the unit that the authors were presenting only parts of the lives of their characters. Is Hardy, too, picturing an over-simplified world here? If so, in what ways is it oversimplified? Why does he choose to speak about these particular aspects of life?

Part IV

You will want to look at the four remaining selections much as you did the poems, deciding what ideas are being presented and whether they are put across directly or dramatically. Since these are all narratives, of course they will be more dramatic than even the last two poems. Yet you may be surprised to see that some stories contain more direct comment than others. In each story, think first about who is telling it, and decide whether this narrator is expressing the author's own ideas. Look, too, to see whether the narrator comments on the story and the ideas it brings up or leaves the reader to analyze the situation for himself.

Bret Harte, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the 23rd of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp--an entire stranger--carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five-Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five-Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Bill included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar--a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influence of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants--lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarecely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Bill passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveyed them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him, at the sky ominously clouded, at the valley below, already deepening into shadow; and, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent," of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune--amounting to some forty dollars--of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp, and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine-tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire--for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast--in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d----d picnic?" said Uncle Bill, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine bows, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it,--snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain, and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered--they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians; and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words, "Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst sotto voce to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't--and perhaps you'd better not--you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr.

Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us all when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey, which he had prudently cachéd. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cachéd his cards with the whiskey as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say 'cards' once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Convenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:

> "I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
> And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oarkhurst sententiously. "When a man gets a streak of luck,--nigger-luck,--he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat, --you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance--

"'I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army.'"

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut, --a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to called Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney, --story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the Iliad. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem--having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words--in the current veracular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ashheels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So, with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton--once the strongest of the party--seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head, and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told, from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pinetrees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil in a firm hand:

Beneath this tree

Lies the Body

Of

JOHN OAKHURST

who struck a streak of bad luck

on the 23rd of November, 1850,

and

handed in his checks

on the 7th December, 1850

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

Study Questions

1. Do you feel that the people of Poker Flat were entirely justified in throwing out Oakhurst and his companions? Is your feeling a result of the things you are directly told, of incidents in the story, or both?

2. Is there any change during the story in the amount of goodness you see in Mother Shipton? In the Duchess? What details give you your opinion of them? Are you told about them directly or dramatically?

3. How do you find out that Tom Simson is a devoted slave to Oakhurst? Do you learn in the same way that Mother Shipton is capable of great sacrifice? In which case is the attitude presented more directly?

4. Why did Mr. Oakhurst kill himself? How do you know that this was his reason? Would you be as sure without the narrator's final words? Is his motivation presented directly or dramatically?

Sean O'Faolain, "Innocence" (Short Story Masterpieces, p. 363)

Study Questions

1. What effect does it have when the narrator asks questions, as he does at the beginning and end of the second paragraph?

2. How would the story be different if it were told by the narrator's young son? By the narrator as a young boy? By an omniscient narrator?

3. The story is mostly about an experience the narrator had as a little boy; yet it begins and ends with remarks about his young son. Do these remarks have any importance in getting across the ideas presented by the whole story?

4. What is O'Faolain saying about the effect on young children of going to confession? Could this be expressed as well in a few direct sentences? What would be missing if it were told directly instead of in story form?

5. Do you feel that the author tells you his thoughts here as directly as he did in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"? Why or why not?

Robert Browning, "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" (Immortal Poems, p. 400)

Study Questions

1. Does the poem tell you more about the sins of Brother Lawrence or of the speaker himself?

2. Do you feel closer to the narrator of "Innocence" or of "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"? What causes the difference?

3. In "Innocence," you saw that, although the narrator was not the author, he probably expressed much the same feelings as the author would have about confession. Does it seem likely that the "Soliloquy" narrator's feelings are those of the author? Why or why not?

4. If Browning is not expressing his own opinions through the narrator here, what purpose does the poem serve?

5. Are the ideas in "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" more or less directly expressed than those of "Innocence"? What makes you think so? Could they as easily be put into one or two direct sentences?

Nelson Algren, "A Bottle of Milk for Mother" (Short Story Masterpieces, p. 28)

Study Questions

1. What effect does the opening quotation from Whitman have on your attitude toward what happens in the story?

2. The story is mainly about the crime, the reactions of Lefty and the police to it, and the suggestions of what social conditions caused it. Then what purposes are served by the mention of the head-shaving fad, of Lefty's boxing accomplishments, and of Adamovitch's opinions about low and high class Poles?

3. Describe the point of view from which the story is told. What effect does it have on your reaction to the story? How would your reaction be different if it were told by an omniscient narrator who expressed opinions? By Lefty in first person? By Captain Kozak?

4. Like "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," this story is told in the third person. Are there any differences in the type of information and analysis the two third-person narrators give you? If so, what effects do these differences have on how you react to the stories?

5. The only opinion about the crime which the story directly expresses is Lefty's. Is this the opinion the reader is expected to take?

6. If no opinion about this crime or about crime in general is expressed by the narrator, what purposes does the story serve? Could the ideas it presents be expressed as well in a few direct sentences?

Summary Questions

1. What is meant by the term "imagined world"?

2. What can an author do to make you feel as if the imagined world of his story is like your own real world?

3. Can a story which takes place in an unrealistic world tell you anything about what goes on in the real world?

4. What advantages does direct presentation have over indirect presentation?

5. What kinds of ideas can better be presented dramatically than directly?

6. Decide whether you would use direct presentation, indirect presentation, or some sort of combination of the two to communicate each of the following:
   a. You want to show that a boy born into poverty can, under some circumstances, become wealthy.
   b. You want to tell your audience that in 1964 there were 5.7 deaths in automobile accidents for every million miles travelled by cars, as compared with 5.4 in 1963 and 5.3 in 1962.
   c. You are writing up the results of a survey on how often high-school dropouts come from disadvantaged backgrounds or divided families.
   d. You are trying to convince legislators that funds to raise the living standards of poor families with young children will help prevent those children from dropping out of high school.

e. You want to show what effects the separation of his parents might have on the mind of a high school boy, and how these effects could lead to his dropping out of school.

7. What are the advantages and disadvantages of including some direct comment in a story, as Harte did in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," instead of making it entirely dramatic, like "A Bottle of Milk for Mother"?

Writing Assignments

Part II

1. Write a plot outline for a story which would present the same ideas as "Rappaccini's Daughter" in a more realistic and contemporary setting. What are the advantages and disadvantages of the greater realism? Write out the whole story if you wish.

2. Write two additional sections to fit into "The Eighty-Yard Run," showing in greater detail what happened to Darling after the stock-market crash, and how he reacted when he was offered the job as a suit salesman. Do your additions in any way help to get across the ideas Shaw is presenting? Do they serve any other purpose in the story?

Part III

1. Write an essay on one of the following poems in Immortal Poems, showing how much use of direct statement or dramatic incident is involved, perhaps deciding whether the poem satisfactorily establishes its main point.
    - "It Is Not Growing Like a Tree"--p. 79
    - "Wonder"--p. 154
    - "To a Mouse"--p. 241
    - "The River of Life"--p. 288
    - "Fable"--p. 347
    - "The Chambered Nautilus"--p. 397
    - "Grass"--p. 420
    - "Before the Beginning of Years"--p. 450
    - "Invictus"--p. 475
    - "The Leaden-Eyed"--p. 514
    - "Poetry"--p. 533
    - "The Slaughter-House"--p. 590

2. Rewrite "The Parable of the Unmerciful Servant" or "Hap," using more direct statement. Is anything lost in the rewriting? Is anything gained?

Part IV

1. Write an essay on one of the following stories in Short Story Masterpieces, showing how much use of direct statement or dramatic incident is involved and how each functions in getting across the main ideas of the story.
    - "The Boarding House"--p. 231
    - "Virga Vay and Allan Cedar"--p. 270
    - "My Oedipus Complex"--p. 350
    - "The Nightingales Sing"--p. 368
    - "The Use of Force"--p. 538

2. Add a few lines of direct statement to "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister." In what way does the addition add to or detract from the total effect?